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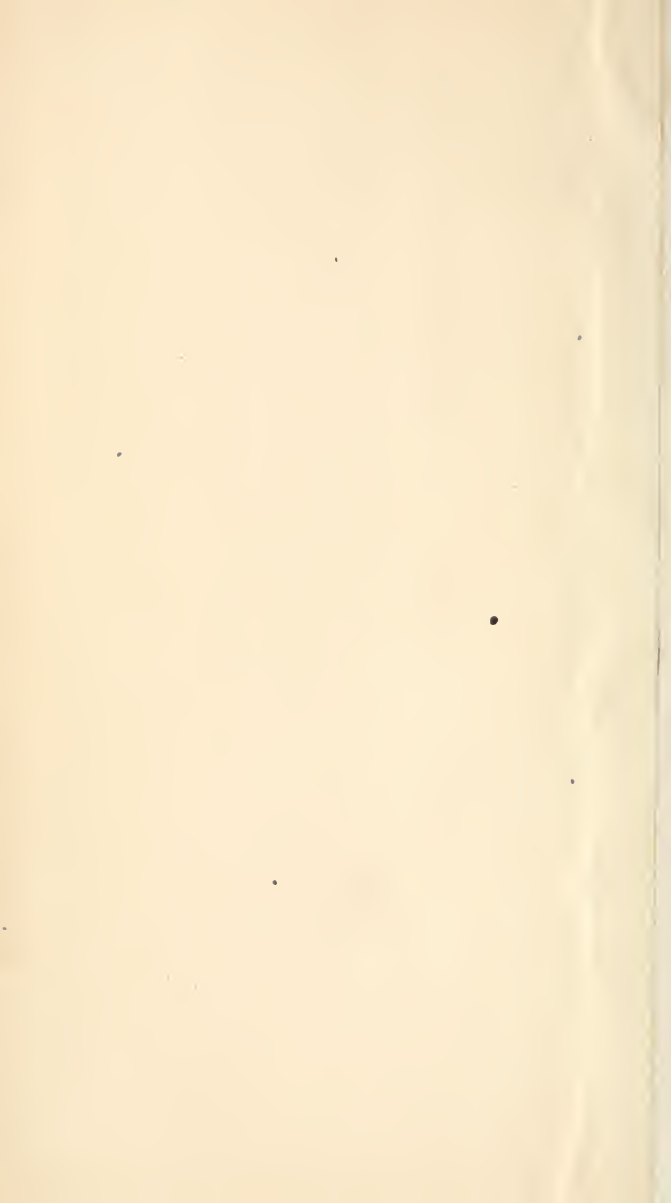
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LETTERS,

FROM THE YEAR 1774 TO THE YEAR 1796,

OF

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO HIS DAUGHTER,

THE LATE

Miss Wilkes :

WITH

A COLLECTION OF HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

MR. WILKES.

==
VOL. III.

==
THE SECOND EDITION.

—
LONDON:

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CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

*Letters addressed to Miss Wilkes at
Paris, whilst on a Visit to the Dutchess
de la Valliere, from 1784 to 1789.*

LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER I.

Tuesday Noon,
May 11, 1784.

I AM just returned, my dearest Polly, from the Guildhall at Westminster, to which place the sheriffs adjourned the scrutiny, after much altercation, with my consent, by an agreement that no business of any kind should be proceeded upon, from the shortness of the notice of the change of place. Thus we have gained one day, and only twenty

hours remain to scrutinize 3000 voters. Preliminaries are to be taken into consideration to-morrow morning at eight, every one of which will be debated. I have a acute and long-winded counsel, the two qualities almost equally necessary. I saw the famous Dr. Flexman yesterday, who assured me that the sheriffs must of necessity return Mr. Mainwaring and me, if the scrutiny was not gone through, which I hold to be impossible. As by your absence I cannot enjoy the conversation in which I most delight, I give my whole time and attention to this business. Friday's post, I trust, will bring you a very satisfactory account of our proceedings.

There was a most dreadful riot yesterday at Covent Garden. Two men were killed, and eighteen of the ruffians are lodged this day in Newgate.

Three o'Clock.

I thank you much for writing from Dartford, and your charming letter from Dover. I am just setting down to the mackarel, which will restore me after the Chamberlain's fatigue added to the Candidate's; but I am surprisingly well, and this warm weather I find quite genial.

Our neighbours continue to be very obliging, and the Colonel is indefatigable. The number of Mr. Byng's bad votes, which we have detected is amazing. Mess. Wood, Tayler, Dayrell, &c. &c. exert themselves every hour. Mr. Aubrey has carried his election by twenty-four. A scrutiny was demanded and refused.

Prince's Court was very cheerful only last week: now it looks dull and dreary.

I am very glad that you like Made-

moiselle Marly. It was an important point for your pleasures.

You managed incomparably well in your journey, and I am easy about every thing, were a tolerable wind to spring up.

Pray lay me at the feet of the Dutchess, and tell her that when I recollect you are at the Hotel de la Valliere, the thought gives me pride and pleasure, and would envy, were it possible to envy those whom we love.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER II.

Friday, May 14, 1784.

I AM sure that I shall give my dearest Polly a singular satisfaction, when I acquaint her that the *scrutiny* is at an end in my favour. This morning the sheriffs, candidates, and counsel, &c. attended by eight, and Mr. Erskine, the leading counsel of Mr. Byng, began an objection to a John Decker, the first of my votes on their list, as not duly qualified under *Powys's Act*, as the statute is called. *That* question would have determined many others. The sheriffs decided that the vote was good; in consequence of which, Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Douglass, another gentleman from the north, counsel for Mr. Byng, desired to give a few *valedictory* words.

Somebody cried out, *maledictory*. The sheriffs were then violently abused by Messrs. Byng, Baker, the counsel, &c. and justified by Mr. Dayrell, Mr. Tomlins, and our other friends. In conclusion, Mr. Byng declared that he would give them no farther trouble, and the sheriffs appointed Monday morning at nine once more to look over the books, and then to declare Mr. Mainwaring and myself duly elected. Mr. Byng threatened a petition to the House of Commons, under which we are perfectly easy. Mr. Dayrell has acquitted himself in the ablest and handsomest manner.

I gave the postillion a crown yesterday for the careful manner of his driving, James half-a-crown for his punctuality.

I have just sent you a little packet under cover to Mr. Guyon at the White

Bear in Piccadilly. The gold pen is in it, and the whole is carefully done up.

I had the pleasure of four letters from you, but you cannot judge of my impatience for a fifth, dated from France, although I have no apprehension from the account James gave me of the wind and weather when you embarked.

I have desired Mr. Faden to get me the book which Mr. Fector wishes for, and I will send it to him with a letter of acknowledgment for his civilities to you.

I am sorry for Trevanion, and young Boyd is likewise out of Parliament. The city petition goes on, but nothing is yet determined about Westminster.

This great fermentation of parties never fails to turn them all sour; but as an individual I have kept my good humour through, although I have treated

Sheriff Skinner with an asperity not usual with me.

My brother Israel is, I hear, returned, and called yesterday upon me. I was from home. The reason of his return I have not learnt, and the fact surprises me; but I cannot doubt it, from what the servants mention, and of Dominica.

Your account of Mademoiselle Sophie is truly interesting, and with such a person and character I should hope every thing would be perfectly agreeable to you, especially as she is a Protestant, for we have seen many inconveniences attending the other persuasion in that situation of life. I should like to see some of her verses: sensibility is an excellent qualification for the sentimental strain of poetry.

The mackarel were very fine, and gratified the palate of two epicures here, who dined with me.

Les louts de mes oreilles commencent à se retablir.

The good Moravian breakfasted here, and left some letters, which are in your packet. You paint the view from the bow-window of the *City of London* inn so well, that I think I am in view of the castle, and part of the cliffs.

We go on quietly, but dully, without you. The Gordons, B——s, &c. &c. desire their compliments. Sir William grows quite wild about the Westminster election ; and since the good news from Lady B——y, the little Bantam struts about at least an inch taller than he was.

Has my *cross* fait fortune with the Dutchess ? and how does the *Castilian Benedict* look ? I long for all the details, and your reception, &c. &c. ; but above all the state of your health, which I

hope has not suffered by all the fatigues of sea and land.

My dearest Polly, *je vous souhaite bien le bon soir.*

LETTER III.

Monday, May 17, 1804.

I AM just arrived from the Guildhall at Westminster, where I had the satisfaction of hearing John Wilkes and William Mainwaring, Esqrs. declared duly elected Knights of the Shire for Middlesex in the ensuing parliament, and of seeing the indentures properly executed by the sheriff and the freeholders. Mr. Byng did not appear, nor

any of his friends. The whole passed with perfect order and decency. The victorious candidates, with a few of their friends, dine to-day at the White Hart in Holborn.

I have luckily already got *Armstrong's Actual Survey of the great Post Road from London to Dover*, which I have sent as a present to Mr. Fector, with a letter of thanks for his civilities to my daughter during her late stay there.

Mr. Mainwaring, James Townsend, Dayrell, and a few more of us dined very harmoniously together at the White Hart, and in the evening I carried Mr. Mainwaring to the Cockpit at Whitehall, as one of the Minister's friends, where the King's speech was read to us, and Mr. Cornwall announced to be nominated Speaker. The speech is well drawn, and calculated to give general satisfaction. I recollect but two remark-

able things in it ; one, its mentioning the attachment to the constitution, which has appeared almost throughout the kingdom ; the other, the affairs of the East India Company, which the speech said should be regulated by a strict respect to the nature and interests of our invaluable constitution. It will not be delivered till Wednesday, when the Speaker will be presented.

Tuesday, May 18.

Sir Barnard Turner and Mr. Mainwaring breakfasted here, and we afterwards went together to the House of Commons, and in the clerk's room were sworn in before the Duke of Chandos, Lord High Steward, who attended with his white wand, but made us wait three hours. Mr. Cornwall was proposed as Speaker by Lord Graham, which was seconded by Sir George Howard. Mr. Fox complained of the High Bailiff

of Westminster, as a rascal, a villain, the worst enemy of the freedom of election on record, because he had made a special return of all the facts, stating the numbers only, and leaving the decision to the House. By this return Mr. Fox is said to lose near 25,000*l.* which he had betted on the being returned *. Mr. Whitbread called Mr. Fox to order, because the conduct of the High Bailiff of Westminster had nothing to do with the election of a Speaker. Mr. Pitt observed that it was impossible then to consider the merit or the demerit of the High Bailiff, as we could not call for the return of Westminster till we had a Speaker. Mr. Cornwall was then unanimously elected, and the House immediately adjourned. To-morrow the King comes again to the House of Lords, and will approve the choice which the Commons

* An election tale without foundation.—EDIT.

have made, as we all suppose. So much for the dull politics of this day. George Selwyn says all the Scotch blood of Charles Fox was made mad to-day.

Mr. Hutton dined and drank tea. My brother Israel drank tea. The sole reason he gives for his return is the dear-ness of every thing at Dominica, and the little chance of any thing to answer.

Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Gordon, &c. have sent affectionate messages about you.

Alderman Oliver died on his return to Europe on board the same packet with Israel—Corsican Boswell is come to settle in London—To-morrow I dine at Mrs. Stafford's, and on Thursday at Colonel Gordon's, with Captain Pascall.

We have now an Italian sky and genial zephyrs. My invocation to May has been heard, although not so soon as I wished—I hope the air is as silky soft with you as it is with us—You were very

prudent in lying at Recousse, and not pushing on to St. Omer's on the Tuesday night—I have only yet received one letter from you from Calais, and one from Recousse—I have sent you one packet by Monsieur Guyon, and shall send you another on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stafford called here together on Saturday, and send you many compliments—All the good new prints will be in your packet of Friday.

The public laugh at Mr. Fox's being so pompously chaired, when he is not yet returned. Many newspapers of various dates will find their place in your packet.

The Dutchess, the Baron, the Marquis, Baron d'Holbach, and Madame la Baronne, I beg to be spoken of to with every grateful sentiment.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER IV.

Prince's Court,
Friday, May 21, 1784.

OUR little *Court* here are very impatient to have the good news of our young Princess arriving in Paris, and her reception at the Hotel de la Valliere. Yesterday I dined at the Gordons, who talked with great regard and tenderness of you, and Mrs. Banks has written me a very polite card on the occasion. Mrs. Smith I have seen, and *saluted*, and she expresses all the eagerness of youth to hear more of you.

In the House of Commons nothing has yet been done, but swearing in the Members, and receiving their qualifications, but it is supposed the King's Speech will be debated on Monday, and

the High Bailiff of Westminster examined on Tuesday.

Wednesday I passed an agreeable day with Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, Mrs. Drax, Lady Emily Macleod, and Captain Macleod. Poor Drax has the gout.—Mr. Byng threatens a petition, in which he is right. The expense is only 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and it will give him the chapter of accidents, the largest chapter in the book, till December, or January, probably.

Friday Evening, Seven.

The French post is just arrived, and has made me perfectly happy by your letter, and the enclosures. I shall write to the Dutchess this night. I am charmed with all the detail which you give me, but I have not time till Tuesday to remark on the particulars, as I think it of importance to write immediately to the Dutchess, and being the first letter since

your arrival, I put it under cover, that no part of it may be torn.

I was sworn in yesterday as Member for Middlesex, and was in Saturday's Gazette, always taking the *pas* of Mr. Mainwaring.

By Monday's diligence you will have several letters from common friends, prints, newspapers, &c. &c. I have written to my dear daughter every Tuesday and Friday, since she carried away the charm of Prince's Court.

I beg to be remembered to the Barons de Castile and d' Holbach, Madame, &c. Suard, &c. &c.

I would have you contrive to draw on me the first opportunity for *twenty Louis à deux usances* to begin an affair of business.

Good night, dearest Polly.

LETTER V.

Tuesday, May 25, 1784.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YESTERDAY brought with it the blessing of your letter, for it is the highest satisfaction to me to know from yourself that you are in health and spirits, and that every thing exceeds even the high expectations which I had formed, both from the rank and establishment of the Dutchess's household, and their kind attention to you. But superior merit, when it is joined with attractive qualities, will go through the world with a happy distinction.

Friday, May 28.

I had written the above early on Tuesday morning. I went afterwards to the Chamberlain's office, and to the House

of Commons, in the full intention of returning in time to finish my letter by the post, but was detained there till near two in the morning. Wednesday little business was done, and yesterday chiefly matters of form were gone through. Mr. Byng's petition is in the common form, charging bribery, and other corrupt and illegal practices ; but I have availed myself of the circumstance in the enclosed address. I had not treated him with such severity, if he had not pointed all his artillery against me, and talked of my *cavil*. The address however from me is still more approved than any of my former. July 29 is the day appointed for the hearing the petition, when the House is to adjourn the second week in that month, so that it necessarily falls to the ground this session, and probably may not be renewed. I am however indefatigable in collecting all my proofs.

I wish to know what English news-

papers you see at Paris, that I may judge what to put up in the packets by the diligence. I have sent you several, and the new correct Court Kalendar, which is greatly improved.

The spar vase from Harris's is come this morning, very carefully packed, and will go in to-morrow's diligence, for the days are now changed to Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I have written to you by every post, except last Tuesday. I am setting out this afternoon for Brighthelmstone to return on Wednesday, but I will contrive to write to you by next Tuesday's post, and send the letter to James.

I received three letters from you at Paris; the first dated May 16, the second May 19, and the third May 23; all of which gave me very great pleasure. I have likewise a pretty letter from¹¹ Mademoiselle Sophie, for which I beg you to

thank her, and to plead my great hurry for not answering it in any other way than by thanks through the medium of my dear daughter. I think you are very lucky in having such a person about you, and the *gaucherie* will go off daily. I have read the “Memoires de M. de Voltaire, écrits par lui-même,” which carry the strongest internal evidence of being genuine. I suppose it is *défendu*, *très défendu*, at Paris, and you cannot own you have read it, but if you wish to read it, I will send it to you.

I think you had better draw on me at one or two usances, for twenty or twenty-five louis, and that will facilitate every thing for you, and it may be repeated as often as you will. I think you would be right to stay till after the Dutchess's fête towards the end of July. It would be a more marked compliment, and if you take your measures early, I should think

you might contrive to return by Spa, and be in London by the end of August, or the first week of September. This would be giving sufficient time for the settlement of all your affairs, and I can contrive for you in all pecuniary concerns.

You mention giving tea to the Dutchess. Have you good tea at Paris, or shall I send you some? I am perfectly well, and was strong enough to fast *entirely* from nine in the morning till past midnight, when I came home, and dined heartily alone on mackarel and lamb. I do not mean however to repeat such a Carthusian strain.

Mr. Pitt is greatly improved as an orator. He has more smoothness and grace, more Attic laugh and easy irony, without the sharpness and gall of the last session. Mr. Fox's power declines hourly, and it is not supposed he will be

the sitting Member for Westminster. Mr. Pitt said that he had foreseen that circumstance, and therefore took refuge on the hospitable shores of the Orkneys. I wonder that he did not quote Pope :

But where's th' extreme of vice was ne'er
agreed :

Ask where's the *North*—at York 't is on the
Tweed ;

In Scotland at the *Orcades* ; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows
where.

The servants here behave very well ; but they and their master think Prince's Court much changed for the worse within this month, notwithstanding the verdure and gaiety of the Park.

Your account of good Madame De Chantereine made me very happy, and your pleasing picture of Baron d'Holbach's family. I beg my best compliments to all of them, and don't forget to

remind the *Bonne* of me. Pray tell my *little wife* that I summon her to come to her husband with her *daughter-in-law*, when she returns. We have lost our spring this year, and the intense heat of summer succeeded almost immediately the severity of winter. Much thunder and lightning Wednesday and yesterday: now it is a good deal cooler. Have you seen, or heard any thing of, poor Panchaud?

No petition yet from Atkinson against Sawbridge, nor from Lord Verney against Aubrey. Rosenhagen is in town at Aubrey's, in perfect health and good spirits.

Adieu, my dearest daughter; take care of your health, and continue to love me.

LETTER VI.

Castle at Brighthelmstone,
Monday, May 31, 1784.

I ARRIVED here, my dearest Polly, on Saturday to dinner, after a very pleasant journey, and propose continuing here till Thursday, when I shall return to the capital, and hope to find a letter from you, which I shall answer by Friday's post. I am in possession solus of this great Castle, and spend my time in conversing with old ocean, while the tongue-pads of lawyers are wrangling about the Westminster election. The House of Commons agreed to no adjournment even for Whit Monday and Tuesday, but I was glad to escape for a few days. The *raging of the seas* puts me, as well as the Psalmist, in mind of

the *madness of the multitude*; but I hope calm, moderate weather will now soon succeed on the political horizon as well as on the terraqueous and aqueous globe.

Your letters have been my highest entertainment since you left Prince's Court, and I participate with you in all the pleasing scenes with the Dutchess, and all her *société*. I hope she received the tribute of thanks I paid her by letter on your account. I wrote to you on many particulars last Friday before I set out, so that I have now little to add.

The great majority of the present administration has driven the opposition almost to despair, while Mr. Fox loses his temper more and more every day. It is comical to see the divisions of our Castle. Shergold and Tilt are strong Foxites, *Best* (the *best* of the three) a violent Pittite; but zeal without knowledge distinguishes all three.

The Marquis de Bouillie embarked from hence last Saturday. I had the opportunity of paying my compliments to him for a few minutes. He inquired about you.

You have brought me acquainted with the Princess de Tarente, the Dutchess de Crussol, the Duke and Dutchess de la Trémouille, &c. &c.; and therefore I am obliged to add every compliment of respect to them on your account. The good Moravian has been so kind as to dine with me, and he says that he is charmed with my last Address to the Freeholders of Middlesex still more than with all the preceding. I hope your spar-vase is arrived safe.

I intend to return by Tunbridge. The Gordons continue their kindness to me, and are always anxious about your health.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER VII.

Friday, June 4, 1784.

IF I have tired my dearest Polly with too long letters by almost every post of late, I shall make her amends to-night, for I have little to say, except to mention that I am just arrived from Brighthelmstone after a very pleasant tour, and that I have received three letters from her since I wrote last Tuesday, the 24th, 26th, and 29th of May, with the Dutchess's, several letters to Madame de Kagenneck, &c. &c. and a most elegant Sève figure of *Constancy*. *Constancy*, thy name is *Wilkes*. I am exceedingly charmed with it, and your kind partiality.

I shall accept your draft as soon as it appears, and any others which you draw.

I shall not be absent till your return, except by the usual peregrinations to Kensington Gore.

I forgot to ask, if you advanced the driver any thing for the keeping of the horses on the Dover tour, and I hope you did not give him any thing, as I desired. I have well rewarded him, which I hope he merited by his care. Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Hutton have already their little parcels and letters. All the rest I will take care of to-morrow. The box did not arrive till this afternoon.

Mr. Hutton accepted a late dinner here by a previous invitation from Bright-helmstone, and we drank the King, as our friend, and the archangel at Paris, as our favourite, in a bumper. I am glad that I have pleased him, and all my friends, by the late Address to the County.

The Dutchess's second letter is charming, but my dear daughter's are divine.

I always regret the coming to the end of them. I wish to read on by the hour, by the day.

Adieu, dearest Polly: the bellman gives his last summons.

LETTER VIII.

Tuesday, June 8, 1784,

Seven in the Evening:

I AM just returned, my dearest Polly, from the House of Commons, where the High Bailiff of Westminster has done the honours of the day like a Dutch burgomaster. Mr. Welbore Ellis has taken notice of the necessity of *sleep, and other sustenance*. The *first* he gave us. The *other sustenance* I am come

home for, and to answer your letter of June 3, which I received yesterday, and enjoyed very highly. As I must return to the division on the Westminster election, I shall mention very little but matters of business by this post.

I wrote to Lady Asgill, and find that she had received the print, and sent her acknowledgments to your excellent Dutchess.

Your bill for 21*l.* came to hand on Saturday, which was duly honoured by my acceptance, and I think that mode very convenient, but you should insist on paying the exchange.

I will send you by the first *diligence* Lady Asgill's letter, Mr. Fector's, &c. &c. I am in raptures with the *Sève* figure; and if the figures of that kind and size, or rather exceeding them in height, are not above a guinea, or a guinea and half each, I wish for two or

three more, or a group, and one single figure.

Elmsly has got the "Memoires du Maréchal de Villars," in 4 vols. and is to send me a copy. *Anquetil* I think a very superior writer, and very *sage* on the most knotty points.

I believe that there is not an idea of any opposition to the Chamberlain on Midsummer-day; but it could never come against greater preparation, or greater general approbation.

Rosenhagen dined at Kensington Gore on Sunday, and here yesterday. He seems to me without compass or ballast.

I shall send you a long letter to me from Mr. Paice in consequence of his to you at Dover miscarrying, which he found to be the case after he received *that* you sent me by the diligence, and I transmitted to him. I should think it too delicate a point to propose drawing

on him, and I can certainly accommodate you in the way you have begun, or otherwise by Sir Robert Herries, and you cannot begin too early taking your plan, and making your arrangements for your return after the Dutchess's fête by Spa.

Adieu!

LETTER IX.

Monday, June 14, 1784.

I WAS so entirely engaged, my dearest Polly, with our City causes, and the business of other men's petitions of various kinds, that I had not time to write to you by Friday's post. From the fear of the like accident, I pay my compliments to you this morning on my re-

turn from Kensington, lest the hurry of Burke's motion, and the consequent debate this afternoon, and all to-morrow's business, should engross my whole time.

Thursday in the next week being Midsummer-day, you will naturally suppose calls forth the exertion of every nerve ; but there is not any where a breeze arising against the Chamberlain, whose ears are open to the smallest whisper of an unfavourable wind.

I received the *Vicomte de Barjac*, and have struggled through it. The *gold pen*, which you mentioned from the Dutchess to me, is not yet arrived ; but I have your two letters of June 7 and 10, since I wrote last. I send you by to-night's diligence the tea, but more than you mentioned, Mrs. Gordon's packet, and Mr. Hutton's little note, with the newspapers, &c.

Tuesday, June 15.

This morning at one Sir B-rn-rd T-rn-r expired, after suffering incredible pain from a broken leg, fractured thigh, &c. On his return from Tottenham, being on a vicious mare, in company with Grindall, and others, perfectly sober, the mare took fright, jammed him between two post-chaises, and notwithstanding all the care of the drivers, he was killed almost on the spot. He leaves seven children, poor Lady T-rn-r, without a sixpence we believe, and no provision for either brood. She was his second wife, and is now pregnant. I recommended the inquiry into the circumstances of our late brother, to all the aldermen present at the Court this day, and a care of the children.

To quit so melancholy a scene for one the most cheerful. We are al-

ready preparing for your return, which we all long for, and wish the excellent Dutchess's *fête* had been the end of June instead of July. Yet notwithstanding my impatience to have you here, I wish you to contrive to return by Spa, if you can with convenience and propriety. I know nothing yet of *Navy bills*, but I know enough to say, that I can always contrive for you at one or two months advice. The good, benevolent Paice I see continually. He really *goes about doing good*, like his great Master, and his worthy disciple the Moravian. I intended to have said, that your bed was sent home nicely done yesterday, and to-day I shall pay the 18*l.* I hear you agreed for, the most agreeable payment I can make. Once a fortnight I have paid the washerwoman, and once a week the cook, butcher, &c. since your absence.

The P. of W. is thought to have declared war against the Court by removing Lord Courtown, as one of the lords of his bedchamber. Lord St. Asaph succeeds Lord Courtown.

The Westminster scrutiny goes on. Sir Wm. B—— is at the head of the list of those who advertise for subscriptions for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. Sir William drank your health yesterday here in a tête-à-tête with me. Miss Kitty Molineux has been, and continues very ill. Lady B—— advances very happily. On the 30th of this month they go to Lisle, from thence to the South of France, in the intention of being absent near a year.

The Dutchess's giving you leave to ask your friends to dine with you in your apartments, is the *comble* of elegance, friendship, and hospitality, and pray say that I feel the favour as I ought.

Brook Watson succeeds poor T—— as Alderman, and perhaps as Sheriff.

Your Dutchess is indeed a very superior being, and does honour to the country in which she was born. I have the 4 vols. of “Vie du Maréchal Duc de Villars,” but have not read a page.

You have *humanized* * the Dutchess de Chatillon. Methinks I see the Prince and Princess de Tarente playing about like two kittens.—Happy, happy, happy, pair!

Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more; where ignorance is bliss,
 'T is folly to be wise. GRAY.

The parcel, with the enclosures for

* As a French word has a milder signification than in English, *humanizer*—to render gentle.—
 EDIT.

Dr. Price, is not yet arrived. Mrs. Gordon I saw to-day; and she sends ten thousand tender respects to you. I made her a present of Sussex-down mutton, when I was at Brighthelmstone. She and the Colonel continue their obliging attention to my interests.

I wish the K. of S. had courage enough to come here. What charming derry-down songs and catches we should make about his jumping out of his own parlour-window into his garden, from the dread of one of his free nobles, who had penetrated into his guard-room, his setting the stave of a psalm like a parish-clerk, &c. &c.? Pray give the Dutchess these anecdotes of the tyrant.

The servants all send their duty. Thomas leaves me Monday fortnight, but I am not provided.

Good night, dearest Polly.

LETTER X.

Friday, June 18, 1784.

YESTERDAY, my dearest Polly, was sacred to the powers of dulness, and the anniversary meeting of the Quintuple Alliance, when I was obliged to eat stale fish, and swallow foul port, with Sir Cecil Wray, Mr. Martin the banker, Dr. Jebb, &c. to promote the grand reform of Parliament. I was forced into the chair, and was so far happy as to be highly applauded, both for a long speech, and my conduct as president through an arduous day. I have not however authenticated to the public any account of the day's proceeding, nor given to the press the various new-fangled toasts, which were the amusement of the hour, and should perish with it.

Mr. Brook Watson was yesterday unanimously chosen Alderman of Cordwainer's Ward ; and Mr. Alderman Pickett, Sheriff.

I received the parcel yesterday, and have sent to Dr. Price, Mr. Elmsly, Mrs. Molineux, &c. Mrs. M. came to town from Bath on Wednesday, and appears in tolerable health and spirits.

Your charming Dutchess, I think, always judges right. It would not tell to your advantage, that you had visited the Duke de Bouillon at Navarre, let the party even be ever so splendid.

Lady B———— has sent a letter here for you, which I enclose in the packet which I shall send this night.

I keep all the enclosures, as well as your letters. I am much pleased with every testimony of regard to my dearest daughter.

Every body complains of the disagreeableness of the House of Commons, although the weather is not sultry. I think however the House will continue sitting till the middle of July, and they find us business enough.

The Westminster scrutiny will be a standing dish, through the summer and autumn, and keeps all the politicians in town, who would otherwise take flight from the House of Commons.

I cannot guess at any thing new for a Dutchess, who has every thing ; but the famous jeweller, Cox, is to come here in three or four days, and to bring me some *petite elegance*.

I almost tremble at the idea of the too frequent balls for the King of Sweden ; but I hope your prudence will keep you from that excess of fatigue, which destroys every pleasure, and more than any thing mines the constitution.

I hope M. does not talk as wretched stuff as he prints.

Adieu!

LETTER XI.

Tuesday, June 22, 1784.

I AM very happy to confirm to my dearest Polly the agreeable news of unanimity on Midsummer-day, as far as my intelligence from every quarter extends. This good news will balance a very disagreeable circumstance respecting Sir Wm. B——, which I have from our neighbour Mrs. Gordon, who you well know neither delights in fiction nor scandal. Captain Sutton's action for damages against Governor Johnstone came to trial on Saturday. The da-

mages were laid at 40,000/. The jury at eight on Sunday morning gave Sutton 5000/. damages, full costs, and his prize-money to the amount of 8000 more. Sir William was one of Sutton's witnesses. He swore that he was on deck, &c. during the whole time. The master of the ship, and two sailors, deposed that Sir William was not on deck during the whole time. Sir William, not suspecting such evidence, was not prepared to contradict it. I have not seen the Baronet, nor Lady B——, since Friday. I fear a prosecution for perjury may follow against the Baronet, and there has been much talk of his *shyness* at the time of the action. Lord Rodney's evidence too has been much criticised, and his own letters produced against him respecting some opinions which he laid down as certain; but I have not yet all the particulars. Lord

Rodney has taken Mr. Darell's house at Kensington Gore for three months certain. His daughters are there. His Lordship has got the hooping cough as well as his young family, and in a violent degree. He gives 150*l.* for the three months. I have not yet been to visit my neighbour.

I dined in Portland Place last Friday with Sir Francis and Lady Bassett, Lord Plymouth, four or five ladies, half a dozen Members of Parliament, and Captain M——, whose nose a parson E—— pulled, and Lady S——— married. He sung the *Baby and Nurse*, an indecent attack on the King and Pitt, which he sung too, *as it is said*, at Carlton House. All the company turned to me at the conclusion of the song, and, after infinite plaudits to Bobadil, asked if I did not think it the wittiest song in the world. I did, except only one from the

same author, called the *Coalition*. Bobadil on this blushed for the first time, the company laughed, and forced him to sing the *Coalition*, which is the bitterest satire on Fox and North, with really more fun than the other. I luckily recollected his singing it at the Horse Guards, when I dined last there with ——— and ———. The tables were turned, and the *Coalition* laughed at all the evening.

Yesterday the House of Commons determined to hear no more petitions after that of Hereford this session. By this resolution only the double returns will be heard, and Middlesex with all the others will necessarily be put off till December or February. Probably, very probably, the Middlesex petition will never be renewed. By a good calculation, instead of seventy-one, I really shall have very near three hundred majority, should the

matter ever come in issue. I am every day attending to my interest in the county, having taken my resolution the rest of my life to represent Middlesex, concerning which so many remarkable events have happened to me. I have now full time in every event, and as I shall not stir out of my county till Christmas, I will recover whatever inattention or carelessness may have lost. I understand from the member Stephen-son, that if the poll had continued one day longer, many more of my friends would have come to Brentford, who were kept away from the fear of riots and bludgeons.

I read in the English papers that Beaumarchais has given up the projected edition of Voltaire, but I hope it cannot be true. I was a subscriber, and paid three guineas. His letter is excellent. My compliments if you see him.

Your packet contains a very obliging note from Mr. and Mrs. Wathen, which I have answered with all offers of future franks. Mr. Hutton dined here yesterday, and is very sociable. There is likewise a letter from him.

The King of Sweden has, I hear, *un visage plat*, and not much meaning in the eye, that index of the soul. Besides my other objections to him, if he should be the cause of too great fatigue, by which my dear daughter may suffer, he will be sure of an additional strophe in my iambics against him.

Sherwin has sent me a proof of his noble large print of the heroic action of Sir Roger Curtis at Gibraltar, from a painting done by Sir Roger's direction, under his eye.

I desire to be respectfully remembered to the divine Dutchess, and affectionately to the Baron, Madame, and all our old

friends. I wish you to send me the *Almanach Royal* for this year, which has not yet come to England, and a pattern of a small *Sève* dessert plate.—It has rained a good deal every day for the last week, but the hay is not yet down, and the capital is very healthy.

Sir Francis Bassett has lost five members out of seven, and the *Coalition* declines hourly. Lord North the other day made an excellent speech against the reform of Parliament, and attacked with spirit the half-measures of Mr. Byng. Nothing against me.

I drink the Baron de Blome's health, and the Sardinian ambassador's. Not a word is mentioned here of the Denmark marriage. I really think the King's second daughter is one of the most beautiful young women I ever beheld, and her look is that of perfect benevolence and sweetness of temper. She resembles

the King as much as the Princess Royal does the Queen.

I enclose you *Neptune*, the translation of which would certainly amuse the Dutchess.

The servants all send their duty. Remember me to Mademoiselle Sophie.

Adieu !

I wish the Marquis de Lusignan would send me *one* Sève figure. Pray hint it to the Baron. I am captivated by the delicacy of the Sève biscuit.

Were *Benevolence* to assume a human form, the goddess would appear in the person of the *Dutchess de la Valliere*.

LETTER XII.

Friday, June 25, 1784.

IF my daughter had been with me yesterday, my happiness had been completed, for I was unanimously re-elected Chamberlain. An exceedingly numerous and respectable Common Hall gave me every hand, voice, and demonstration of affectionate regard. I expected from the sour leaven of Fox's and Byng's partisans, the unpleasing sound of hisses or groans, but nothing reached the ear but the loudest plaudits, and I never saw more general good-humour and satisfaction. Mr. Tomlins teased the Livery before the choice of new Auditors with a long unmeaning harangue, which was answered in the same style by the old Auditors. No-

thing, however, was agreed to, as to any alteration in the mode of keeping accounts, and the whole scheme is for the present laid aside.

Poor T-rn-r's debts amount to 38,000/. ; to pay which there is only 14,000/.

I have settled the business of young S——. I have had several conversations with Mr. Angelo about his nephew's conduct, the extravagant generosity and absurdity of which I highly condemn. Yet the circumstance of the ship the Duke of Athol being blown up, and depriving him of every thing, strikes forcibly on my mind. I have since another letter from him, three hundred miles up the country, and he promises that he never will draw upon me again, and talks of making me remittances. I have therefore settled the business in the following manner: 200/. to be

paid Oct. 20, 1785, and the other 200*l.* October 20, 1786, with legal interest, by which I have saved the *jeune étourdi* from all the horrors of an arrest in a strange land.

Pray remember me kindly to Panchaud, and respectfully to the Chevalier de Chatelleux.

I wish you to profit to the utmost by your stay at Paris. I have seen Mr. Paice this morning here about other particulars of your City business, and he is all goodness, and has great intelligence. Without him I can contrive every thing for your stay till after the Dutchess's birthday. The unanimous re-election of the Chamberlain gives infinite credit, and you may profit by it. The fête of the Dutchess seems the epoch to fix your departure, and the return by Spa highly desirable for your pleasure; but perhaps, after what I wrote in my last

letter, not so prudent with the B——, or M——; for Lady B—— talked to-day of a rambling idea of seeing you before I could see you, &c. &c. &c. Your character is not that of a Rambler, nor a risker, &c. &c. &c. We all pant for your return; yet I say, Sacrifice to health and pleasure, and do not return before the end of August, nor exceed the first week in September, giving every fair allowance for bad winds, &c. &c. &c. This is a letter of &c. &c. &c. and it will only add, that the happiness of my dear daughter is the object I shall always have nearest my heart.

Adieu—Eleven at night.

LETTER XIII.

Kensington Gore,
Sunday, June 27, 1784.

THE pleasing idea of my dearest daughter follows me wherever I am, and gives me the highest rapture. I congratulate myself at having suggested the scheme of your present visit, and I partake in all the enjoyments which have followed. I now sit down at more leisure than I can get at Prince's Court, to talk over with you the various particulars preparatory to your return, which I desire may not be till after the fête of your incomparable Dutchess.

My unanimous re-election this year, as Chamberlain, after all the efforts to shake me, will give me unbounded credit; and the funding of the Navy bills,

which I believe will soon be done, will make that credit, I should hope, quite unnecessary. On your return you will soon be out of mourning; I wish you therefore to think about what clothes, linen, &c. &c. you would like. I would not scruple any expense; and you might, on finishing your accounts with your mercer a little before your departure, give him, or any other tradesman, drafts on me, as *Tresorier de la Ville de Londres, à Prince's Court, Great George Street, Westminster*, at two usances, and I shall be able to contrive it for you. I would not miss the opportunity of laying in a stock of linen, &c. by which you will save 50 per cent. at least, and be comfortable in all those articles till your next trip to Paris. As to that, I foresee you will return, probably in a couple of years, but I would not bind myself by any absolute promise. If you find

any difficulties with the tradesmen, I will send you Sir Robert Herries's notes, but the other way would be more convenient to me, as the money must be directly advanced at Sir Robert's ; and besides you would wait ten days, without you asked a favour of the house at Paris, which I should be sorry you did. Your clothes, linen, &c. should be made up, to avoid all difficulties at Dover. Should you go to Spa, you may return by Holland, but in all cases I would advise you to cross to Calais, rather than embark any where else, to avoid a tedious passage by sea.

My holydays begin August 5, at two in the afternoon, and I mean to meet you at Dover, as the time of your return will be in that month I suppose. The Chamberlain's office opens September 7. I could contrive for you to stay abroad all August, but it would not be the absolute

certainly we both wish for *October the third*. If you are at Dover towards the 20th of August, every thing would have time for a complete arrangement. Have you heard any thing from the parties, or do you know who they are, and where they could be sent to? I think you may do every thing completely without Mr. Paice, who is indefatigable in settling your affairs, and will consult me more than his own intelligence stands in need of; but on every occasion I remark entire fairness and strict honour.

The *Sorrows of Werter* will come in to-morrow's packet.

Dr. Wilson's legacy to us both is, I understand, to be paid in six months. Send me your order; I will endeavour to receive it for you; but whether I do, or not, you may draw for what you will, and when you will.

I have engaged Sir Wm. B——'s servant Thomas, who I understand shaves and dresses hair very well, and Sir William recommends for honesty and sobriety. He is to have the same wages as my present servant, to wear a livery, to go behind a coach when desired, and to do whatever he is ordered.

I hear that what passed at Captain Sutton's action for damages against Commodore Johnstone, prevents the young couple's leaving England at present. I am glad of it, for Lady B—— told me, that she expected to see you before I did. I have not seen very much of them, but our dear cousin's situation I believe is not to be envied, nor are all her ways strewn with roses. Sir William told me, that upon an idea of Mrs. M——'s living abroad with her son, Mrs. M—— said, she would then leave her husband, which put an end to

the plan. Mrs. Gordon will write to you more authentically on this head. I am upon the most easy terms with our neighbours, and have once dined there—been invited several times. They came to see Sherwin's fine print at the house which glories in giving you an apartment.

Mr. Pitt is highly extolled for his late proposition to abolish smuggling, and lay an adequate duty on windows to make up the loss to the revenue, from lowering the duty on tea. He establishes himself more and more in the hearts of the people. Mr. Fox said, that the popular delusion in his favour was at an end, and the frenzy had subsided. The very popular election for the Borough in favour of Le Mesurier, who started under every disadvantage, and the most highly applauded re-election of Mr. Wilkes, so long and openly threatened with opposition, demonstrate the contrary.

Sir Cecil Wray has published an honest, but ill-written defence of his conduct, in “ A Letter to the independent Electors of Westminster, in the Interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray,” signed by himself. The style is not flowing, but shockingly disjointed, and choked with parentheses. It is not worth sending you, nor shall I, unless you desire it.

I wish to know the *Paris* opinion of the Comte de Grasse, and his conduct, with what passed at the court martial respecting him only, which I cannot find out by our papers. Sir B-rn-rd T-rn-r’s executors take by their bonds the 14,000*l.* left. The rest of the 38,000*l.* which he owed, will be totally unpaid, and one of her brothers, a Mr. S——, a creditor for 9500*l.* is totally ruined. He made an uproar at the funeral, that the body should be thrown into the Thames, instead of pomp and military procession.

Your bedchamber is finished, and this week I shall have your dressing-room entirely new done. Mr. Harris expects this week some small elegancies of spar, which I shall send the Dutchess. They will be in an entirely new style, but we bar all accidents from bad Derbyshire roads. You may however give a distant hint of what is in contemplation, and what pleasure I have in thinking what may be agreeable to her. Cox has not yet been with me according to his promise.

You did not mention when the Dutchess's fête was.

Monday, June 28.

Last night I received your packet with the letters to the Duke of Richmond, Dr. Price, &c. &c. I thank you for the book, song, &c. &c. I believe your letter of June 21 came since I wrote last. You were very prudent in

not visiting Madame Suard, whose reputation I hear is not a little tarnished. Have you seen Monsieur Suard? I have just now yours of June 24, which gave me the highest pleasure, and I saw with you the Opera at *Trianon*, and the launching of the *air-balloon*, the expense of both which must have been enormous.

I saw Elmsly to-day, and he will send you the prints you desired this week. He has had the utmost difficulty in procuring them without the book.

I am not yet certain as to the account of the medal said to be struck in honour of Captain Cook, by the Royal Society. If the fact is so, and the members have each one, mine will be a present to the Dutchess. I will make the inquiry before the next post, and let the *Divinity*, for so she is, know my intention.

I smiled at the idea of the French ladies *in white*, to represent the blessed

spirits in Elysium. Their refined purity and celestial innocence were happily figured by Parisian females *in white*; and no doubt their thoughts, words, and actions, were as pure, and free from the dross of worldly appetites.

Prince's Court, Tuesday, June 29.

The important business of this day, is the swearing in Brook Watson as Alderman, and the eating a good dinner at the Mansion-house. I dined there Midsummer-day. The Mayor is *gentleman-like*, and very good-humoured. Rosenhagen dined here yesterday, and talked of a four months tour to the south of France, from which I warmly dissuaded him. The state of his finances, and the revival of mad, extravagant ideas, are, I think, insuperable objections.

Your packet with the *Sorrows of Werter*, newspapers, &c. went last night.

Mrs. Gordon promised that she would speak handsomely of me to you, and in the *postscript* of her letter, where ladies always tell the whole truth. I have not yet received the *Almanach Royal* of 1784. Elmsly says it is not in London. Be so good as to send it.

Adieu!

Tuesday Night, June 29.

Since I wrote the other pages, I have been at Somerset Place to talk of Captain Cook's medal to the officers of the Royal Society. The members of the Society have only copper medals. The King, Queen, King of France, Empress of Russia, and Captain Cook's widow, have each a medal of gold. A few of silver have been struck for distinguished members of the Society, paying a certain sum, but not one has been sold, and the die is to be broke.

I have one of silver exquisitely beautiful, which I shall desire the Dutchesss to accept. I will not venture it by a common conveyance, and therefore I shall wait on Lord Carmarthen, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to beg that it may go to the Hotel de la Valliere with his next courier to Paris. I am really charmed with the device and execution, the shirt-collar, &c. of the modern Gothic dress excepted.

I have visited our neighbour Mrs. Smith this afternoon, where I found Mrs. Gordon, and all three joined in calling you rake, and regretting your midnight travelling from Versailles to Paris. The good old lady joins in all my fears for the excess of your hurry and fatigue, without sufficient repose; and in this only we are ready to blame the excellent Dutchess, and I wish I was near enough to tell her so.

Good night, dearest Polly.

LETTER XIV.

Friday, July 2, 1784.

I ENCLOSE you, my dearest Polly, a bill of Sir Robert Herries on Messieurs Girardot, Haller, and Co. at Paris, for 600 livres, which I dare say they will pay, if it is any convenience to you, as soon as it is presented, without taking the three days grace, or seven days sight. I thought this might be a convenience to you, before you settle your great objects. Perhaps the same bankers will give you cash for a draft on me at two usances, as you drew before. I wish to know in time whether you return by Spa, for perhaps Sir Robert Herries could accommodate you by his bills to that place, without your running the risk of carrying with you more cash.

than might be necessary for your journey.

I wrote yesterday to Lord Carmarthen, and with the letter sent a small box, containing Captain Cook's beautiful medal in silver, as the dignified mode of sending to your Dutchess by our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

I thought that you would be pleased with more tea, and therefore sent to Brookes's for two more pounds, which I have had divided into six flat parcels with thin lead for the better keeping of the tea, and the convenience of the carriage. I have already sent two parcels, and shall send one or two more next Tuesday. It must go in small parcels, as it is strongly prohibited.

Friday Night.

This has been a day of much real business in the House of Commons, the

particulars of which are too tedious to give you. Mr. Hutton dined here, and I have just received the enclosed from Lord Carmarthen, which makes me hope the Dutchess will receive the medal before this comes to your hands.

I have since dinner received the pleasure of your letter of the 28th of June, and as soon as your bill of 30 Louis comes to hand, or any other, I shall accept it, and when I accept it, it is with as much pleasure as I do any act of my life. I wish you to return Lord Carmarthen's letter.

I have seen Mrs. M—— to-day. She says that she gives up George, and that Lady B—— does not comprehend the unpleasing extent of the attack on Sir William. He desires to keep his man a week longer, which is extremely inconvenient to all parties, Sir William excepted. Poor dear Betsy! Mr. —— I

suppose will write you more. She has been bled, fainted, &c. &c. I have seen her twice. She is all goodness; but Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Gordon, &c. shake their heads about the Baronet, and remain in silence. The L— Member has much to answer for, but all reflection comes too late, and adds to the regret.

I regularly make my pilgrimage to Kensington, except that of late I have been kept in town on the Thursday. The report here is, that the King of Sweden has left France in disgust.

Good night, dearest Polly.

LETTER XV.

Kensington Gore,
Sunday, July 4, 1784.

I SENT you, my dearest Polly, by the last post a bill of Sir Robert Herries for 600 livres, and Lord Carmarthen's very polite letter to me about Captain Cook's medal, which I hope you received, and the medal, which accompanied the Secretary's dispatches. Your draft for 30 Louis is not yet come to hand. When it does, it will be duly honoured.

I wish you to inquire at *Sève* about a small dinner service for four persons, and if the master of the manufactory will undertake to send it to London, and deliver it there unbroken, or if it can be sent to Calais, and by Monsieur Leguillon to

Mr. Fector at Dover, and he will draw for his money on the *Tresorier de la Ville de Londres*, at two, three, or four usances, and what the price will be, and if he will send me by you a pattern. I should be glad that you would bring him into a regular correspondence with me by the post, and I think we can always contrive opportunities of getting over small things. You might purchase for three or four Louis for me, and pay him.

I have arranged it with good Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Gordon, that after your return to Dover I shall keep you there, and in the environs, three or four days, that you may recover your fatigues, before you come to the hurry of our capital, and visiting all your old friends, for we are all uneasy, not from the fear of any immediate bad consequence, but your suffering afterwards.

Prince's Court,
Monday Morning, July 5.

I am just returned from Kensington Gore ; and although it is not seven, the *Almanach Royal* arrived here this morning before me, for which I am much obliged to you. I believe from Elmsly's account that it is the only one in England.

I hope to be in time for a present to the Dutchess on her *fête*, and I wish you to send me the copy of a proper short letter on the occasion.

You will see by an advertisement from the Navy Office in *this day's Morning Post* what is doing about *Navy bills*. I mean to dispose of that whole property, and replace the part due to the City in other securities of the same nature, taking my right of the profits, which of those even to April 1782, will I trust finish easily whatever you can want for

October 3, and the whole winter. You shall know more soon.

I have just received your letter of July 1, with one enclosed for the Dutchess, which I shall forward by to-morrow's post, and a little addition about Captain Cook, and the medal. The *Sève* china is a maggot which bites me at present, but I do not mean any thing expensive. If in the Rue St. Honoré you find some odd pieces tolerably cheap, or odd plates, &c. at the manufactory, a little cracked, I should be glad you would purchase, and if you sent them before you to Calais to Monsieur Leguillon, you would easily contrive to put them on board your packet, and I could contrive to get them here, when we are at Dover.

I have no objection to your seeing Ermenonville and Chantilly, if you do not return by Spa, which I suppose can-

not be contrived. Lady B—— talked to me this morning of an engagement to meet you at Lille, and hopes to set out for the continent this week. This plan will, I imagine, be impracticable. Sir William was not at home. Captain and Mrs. Montgomerie are at Lille. Another revolution has happened about Sir William's servant Thomas. Mrs. Molineux commends him highly. He is very desirous of being out of livery, which I have at last agreed to: no vails of any kind: thirty guineas standing wages.

Your note was brought at three, which I have accepted.

Tuesday, July 6.

By the advice of Mrs. M—— and other learned ladies, I am beginning to change my mourning, which they have settled for six months, after the inquiries

made by the said lady from the late hope of her own wearing sables.

Mr. White, a very old, and the senior attending, Clerk on Election Committees told me yesterday that I might be assured there was an end of the Middlesex petition, although he was not authorized to say so. He loses by its not proceeding. I am however going on procuring all legal evidence to substantiate my own votes, and invalidate Mr. Byng's, that I may leave nothing unprepared for every event.

Good night, my dearest Polly.

LETTER XVI.

Friday, July 9, 1784.

YESTERDAY I had the pleasure of my dearest Polly's letter of July 5, with the enclosure about the legacy. I shall return it to you, for I do not find that the Hoares act as executors, and therefore we must both wait till we hear from the other parties. I desire that this may not in the least check your drawing upon me in the former way of two usances, for I am now *almost at a certainty* for every thing you can wish, and likewise for *October 3*.

As you now propose to make a short stay both at Ermenonville and Chantilly, you might contrive to get a day's quiet and leisure before you reach Calais, and dedicate it to the excellent Dutchess,

Madame de Chantereine, &c. by letters, which you might put into the post before you embark. This attention cannot fail of pleasing, and then a very few lines at Dover will be sufficient just to mention your safe arrival.

If there is any new elegant book of Maps in 4to, lately published, I should be glad to purchase it, and odd pieces of *Sève*, or other French china, which might be cheap. You might send such things before you to Mons. Leguillon at Calais, ordering him to keep them till your arrival. I do not regard small imperfections, or even little cracks. *Monsieur's china* I wish to possess one piece of, however small, and I would expend from twelve to fifteen guineas in the china.

You will now soon make your calculations about Paris, and you cannot have less than 30 Louis in your pocket for travelling expenses. As to what you should

leave among the Dutchess's servants, it might be prudent to talk of it to any of the Dutchess's relations, in whom you have confidence. It will thus be known in a distant way to her. She will hint probably her opinion to her relation both as to the sum, and the mode, and you will be sure to please by following her opinion. It should be on a *liberal scale*, as a gentleman's daughter, who *felt the distinction*, without its being imagined you did not know the value of money, as well as the French, who are great economists.

If you stay beyond August 2, at Paris, you mar the compliment to the Dutchess, and you might settle with the coach for the time by the week, or have an allowance, or give up a few days, for the grace of the thing. The 8th of August is Sunday, not the 9th. I will set out so that I may have every thing ready for

you at Dover. Do not regard any moderate expense for what you like, but I wish you not to apply to Mr. Paice, as there is no occasion. You may draw at two or three times, if you prefer it, but let it be always at two usances.

I had several little things to mention, but Rosenhagen is just come, and I foresee that I have no chance of re-assuming the pen. I therefore conclude, my dearest Polly, with every compliment of respect and gratitude to the charming Dutchess, Madame de Chantereine, &c. &c. &c.

Adieu!

LETTER XVII.

Tuesday, July 13, 1784.

I HAVE been engaged, my dearest Polly, for some days about the proposition of Government to fund the Navy and Victualling bills. Many applications have been made to me to join the cry against the Minister, and to proceed at law against the Treasury upon a supposed breach of the public faith. I have resisted every attack, and refused to lend myself to a measure hostile to Administration. Public faith is not in my idea injured, for the bargain with the public was to pay 4 per cent. interest after the expiration of six months from the date of the Navy bill till it was paid off, but no time whatever was fixed for the paying it off. This is the condition

of all the Navy and Victualling bills which I have seen. The proposal now made for the terms of the stock is not so advantageous as we flattered ourselves with obtaining, but it is still great for me, who possess so much Navy prior in date to June 1782. I shall dispose of all this, and still I have a noble parcel behind, the interest of which is to be regularly paid. The uncertainty of when the Navy bills might be paid at all, and the ridiculousness of private persons going to law with the Treasury, are strong motives on my mind. Mr. Montague approves this conduct, the consequence of which will be a very tolerable round sum from the profits of the Navy bills to June 1782, and the money, which I replace to the City, I intend to lay out in new Navy and Victualling bills, the handsome profits of which will come to the Chamberlain.

This business being settled so greatly to my present accommodation, and for *October 3*, let us now, my dear daughter, look forwards to the charming time of your return, and the future conveniences of us both. Whatever you may wish for your own apparel, laces, fringes, &c. &c. you may purchase much cheaper and better than here, I suppose. Perhaps ten or fifteen guineas you might lay out for ruffles for me, or any other things you might think of, which would answer in the purchase at Paris. Scarlet cloth sufficient for one suit for the winter I should like to have made up with the Dutchess's buttons, and one embroidered waistcoat of about eight or ten Louis. Whatever you purchase, I think you should either take with you, or send before to Monsieur Leguillon, and bring it with you in the packet. I shall contrive to be at Dover a day or two before you,

and will arrange all matters with Mr. Fector. I will write in time to Mrs. Belcher at the *City of London* to secure the best apartments in her house.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker are going abroad for some time. He is very intimate with that unaccountable animal H—t-n W——, who shewed me a letter from him, that as he was determined to go on with his law, and it was not likely to produce him any thing for a good while, he chose to go to St. Omer's to avoid a prison here. I have neither seen, nor heard of, him or my niece till now since your tour. Mrs. Hayley is arrived well at Boston, but nothing more is known.

Mr. Saumarez has sent me a noble present of 102 Guernsey lilies, which are only just beginning to shoot, and therefore can save from the accidents of those the foregoing years.

We have had very fine weather for ten

days, and the hay-harvest has been very good.

Yesterday I had the favour of the parcel with *Mercier's* two volumes of the *Bonnet de Nuit*, and the letters to Lady Effingham, &c. of which I have taken care. I do not recollect receiving any *caisse*. I wish to know what it might contain. I received the *Almanach Royal*, but nothing else at that time. I have sent you *six* flat parcels of tea, besides the first pound and a quarter, and the *Sorrows of Werter*.

The French *post* charms me by its exactness. Your letters are generally received the fourth day after the date, and the packets come tolerably regular.

I should be glad of twelve bottles of *ratafia à la fleur d'orange à la crème* at five livres per bottle, to be sent to Monsieur Leguillon before you leave Paris.

I shall send you six parcels more of the same tea in the same manner.

Sir Thomas Rumbold and his family are going abroad, really from distress, and the impossibility of raising money at present. The new *Thomas* is to come to-day. I agree with you about his character, and I shall ride him with a tight rein, nor will I suffer James, or any one here under my protection, to be ill-used. Within this week James is much improved, and from being on the point of discharging him, I have raised his wages to sixteen guineas from the next half-year, but with a declaration of sending him away directly, if he relapsed. The maids have behaved very well, and always send their duty. Your apartment is in great order, and your bed looks better than ever. It will only be a *celestial* bed when it receives its *celestial* inhabitant.

I gave Thomas a guinea for himself, when I settled his wages.

Many compliments to the Marquis de Travaunet, and Abbé Morellet, and above all to Madame Helvetius—Poor Sir W—— I hope is innocent, and I will believe it ; but he is so foolish, and so tiresome, since Sutton's trial, that every creature avoids him—I hear much of Lille in about ten days—I have seen the family not very often, but I have had several long, too long audiences from Sir William—Many thanks for your letter of July 6th and 8th.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

Friday, July 16, 1784.

I UNDERSTAND from Mr. Spragg, my dearest Polly, that Mr. and Mrs. B-k-r are arrived at St. Omer's, but this intelligence you need not know, unless you choose it, when you pass through that town, should your course steer you that way. Lady B—— is hourly teasing Sir William to go abroad, and I suppose will succeed. Every person condemns her; and I know not how it is, but our little cousin ceases to be a favourite with Mrs. Gordon, &c. &c. and Sir William falls into perfect insignificance. He is now the greatest *lure* I know. He says that he will return by the next term, when the new trial comes on, unless Lady B—— should be on

the point of lying-in, yet he is writing to Lord Howe for leave of absence *for a year*, the consequences of which I stated to him, and told him the handle which would be made against him by wrangling, foul-mouthed counsel. Mrs. M—— loses her temper in the whole of this business, and complains highly of Sir William's neglect. She says, that she has been asked, "Who is the father of Lady B——'s child?" an instance of insolent cruelty scarcely to be paralleled, which would be ventured against few men.

I have brought more forward the circumstances of Mr. and Mrs. B-k-r, and the B——s, because I suppose you would wish to avoid the possibility of seeing either family. You may make me always the pretext of not staying where they are, if the unlucky star of the hour should bring you together.

Mrs. Gordon, I believe, agrees fully in sentiment with me. I find this agreeable neighbour increase every day in my esteem, and she could not make her court more effectually to me than by talking in the style she always does of my dear daughter.

I shall send you by the Paris diligence of next Tuesday a present for the Dutchess's fête from me. The box will be directed to you, and on the direction will be at the top + + +. You will know by this it is for the Dutchess. I wish you to give it her in my name, the veille of her fête, and only mention the anxiety I had for its arriving safe, and that you do not know the contents of the box. The present is *de toute beauté et de toute magnificence*, and will convince her of the sense I entertain of her goodness to you. It should be carefully unpacked, and in case of an accident, let

the blame fall on her servants, and let it happen in her presence, for I am satisfied there can be no misfortune to it previous to its arrival in Paris. I hope likewise to write in time to her on her fête, that you may receive it, and present the letter too in the most *a-propos* moment.

I mean to leave London Thursday, the 5th of August, in the evening, to lie that night at Dartford, and on Friday, the 6th, to reach Dover, and lie at the *City of London* there. I shall write to Mrs. Belcher in time to secure the best apartments. Considering the uncertainty of the passage from Dover to Calais, the last parcel I shall send you will be by the diligence of Saturday, July 24, but I shall probably write you a few lines by the Tuesday's post following, which will be on the 27th of July.

While I thus mention to you my ar-

rangements, I desire to interfere with yours, and I wish you not only to see Ermenonville and Chantilly at your leisure, but to give a day or two to repose and writing letters, as I mentioned in my former. My noble companions of antiquity will comfort me at Dover till I have the higher pleasure of your society, and I shall daily inhale gales of health from old ocean.

My nephew Charles Wilkes has accepted the office to the new bank of the States of New York of cashier, with a salary of 200*l.* a year ; and he goes there the beginning of August.

I received this morning the patterns, and I so well like them all, that I wish you to order six of each, and three fruit-baskets of the pattern No. 1, the sides to be open, and to settle about the safe conveyance here, and the paying for them by drafts on me. I should be glad

you would give three or four hours to pick me up a few odd pieces in the shops, of no great expense. I know your taste so well that I leave the management of the whole to you.

Are the patterns of the china to be sent back? I hope not. I wish you to bring a catalogue of new books, new maps, &c. with you from the most celebrated booksellers and mapsellers. I will go to Madame de Cageneck's again the first opportunity, and mention what you desire about the *vin de paille*, &c.

Friday Evening, Seven.

The French post is just come in, and has brought me your letter of July 11th, and the 12th, at half past seven this morning. I feel for all you have suffered from the character of Mademoiselle Sophie. I entirely approve your conduct, and I will take care that Susan shall at-

tend you at Calais. The time you will fix in a future letter. You have done right in taking the Dutchess with you in the whole business. A few guineas are not to be regarded. The Dutchess should be your pole-star to guide you through these intricate paths, and when you can draw on me, you cannot be at a loss to complete your own plan without any embarassment. Some French female of her recommendation must necessarily attend you from Paris to Calais, till Susan meets you. This needs not alter your plan about Ermenonville or Chantilly.

You will of course write, and I shall likewise by every opportunity till we meet at Dover.

Adieu !

LETTER XIX.

Tuesday, July 20, 1784.

I ENJOY by anticipation, my dearest Polly, the pleasure, which I think I may be sure the excellent Dutchess will receive by my offering at her shrine the day of her fête. I dispatched the box last night. The direction is marked + + +, as I believe I mentioned before, that it might not be opened till the propitious hour. I wish to know what you pay for the carriage, for it is very heavy. It is fastened with screws, and must be gently unscrewed. I have seen nothing of the kind so perfect.

The contre-tems of Mademoiselle Sophie is unpleasant, but it will so soon finish, it cannot occasion you much regret. I foresee it will be an additional

expense of ten guineas at least. Susan shall certainly come in time to Calais, but I wait another letter from you before I speak to her on the subject.

Dr. Wilson's legacy we cannot receive till Christmas—I do not send you any parcel after next Friday, the 23d inst. unless I receive any particular commissions from you.

I send you two new ballads on the new taxes, which are not so much grumbled at as I expected.

I often transport myself with a wish to your pretty gallery, and enjoy the fragrance of your stocks and minionet, and still more the wit and elegance of the Dutchess and her society.

I shall continue in sables while you do ; but I understand that six months should by all modern rules finish the whole.

I have the favour of your letter of the 13th from the Chateau de Bonnelles, and hope your little tour will be as salutary to your health as adding to your pleasures.

Your parcel by the diligence contains a letter from me to the Dutchess on her fête. I have just received a charming letter from her dated July 14th, full of your praises, and gratitude to me for the medal. I have, after two hours hard study, decyphered the whole alone, except three words, which our Moravian perhaps can make out. It is really incomparable, and speaks throughout her excellent character.

I have told Susan of her tour, and she seemed very well pleased to be made as useful as possible.

Tuesday Night, July 20.

The director of the diligence to Paris sent to desire I would sign a declaration about the box, on account of the size and the weight, and that I would direct it to the Dutchess, not to you. Accordingly I signed, “ *Je declare envoyer à Madame la Duchesse de la Valliere son hotel une boite contenant curiosités naturelles. A Londre ce 19 Juillet 1784. J. W.*” I said that it was a present to the Dutchess for her fête, and wished to contrive that she might not pay the carriage. He therefore advised you to send to the Douane, and take it out from thence. I have it at heart that the box may be laid at the Dutchess’s feet in the propitious moment, and without her having the least suspicion. It will shew my sense of your obligations to her.

Now is my dearest Polly on the ten-

terhooks of female expectation to know what this same box contains, about which her father is so anxious. I shall not however gratify your curiosity, and I hope you will not know till the eve of the fête of St. Anne, and that you will learn all from the Dutchess herself, or perhaps you will be present at the opening, about which too much care cannot be taken. I wish for a line immediately after the receipt of the box, or you will have another kind of *box* at your return on a part which in me is now almost well. It begins however to tremble, both at the right and left, on the approach of August, from the fear of your renewing your attacks in that quarter.

LETTER XX.

Friday, July 23, 1784.

I HAVE remarked in none of your connexions, my dearest Polly, so much real regard and tenderness for you as in our agreeable neighbour Mrs. Gordon. Her frequent and anxious inquiries about your health have been very engaging. To give a faint instance of my gratitude, I have sent her the most beautiful haunch of venison which I ever beheld; a great sacrifice for an alderman to make, but very trifling for Mr. Wilkes to a friend of his daughter. I have not forgotten a little sacrifice of Newbury fish, when it has been peculiarly fine. The good lady has paid me a visit this morning, and I have shewn her the complete order in which your

apartments are arranged. I asked, if it were her opinion, that I should receive you again. She declares herself decidedly of that opinion, so that we shall fling open all the doors for your return. We settle for Susan to go to Dover on Monday the 2d of August, so that we expect she will be at Calais on Wednesday morning, the 4th, to wait your arrival, and recover herself a little of her fatigues. I expect to be at Dover on Friday, the 6th of August. The French mail not being arrived, I do not know if any alterations are made in your plan. If there are, I shall conform to them.

By the packet of this night, which is the last I shall send by the diligence, you will have two more parcels of tea, the newspapers, &c. and six of my speeches, which you will give to my friends who wish to throw away an idle half-hour on politics. The Baron, Hol-

bach I mean, would probably wish to read it.

Lady B——— has at present fixed Saturday sevensnight, for her tour to Lisle. Mrs. S——, our neighbour, says she does not believe her to be breeding, and that Sir William and she are two fools come together.

Pray let the Dutchess know that I shall celebrate next Wednesday in the English mode by full libations to her health *with a few friends*, and prayers, and vows, for frequent opportunities of keeping the festival.

Your account of the Duke d'Uzés, and his reception of you, is charming. The French only really possess the *savoir vivre*, and the rare art of making all who approach them, perfectly happy.

I am glad that Mademoiselle Eleonore pleases you.

As it is probable you may not receive

another letter from me by the post, I have only to wish you a very good journey, and a quick, safe passage, with earnest entreaties that you would not travel by night, nor in any way fatigue yourself. You will find me at the *City of London* in Dover, rejoiced to embrace you, and to receive you again in your native country.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

Your letter of the 19th, with that enclosed for Susan, is just arrived. Susan desires her duty, and will attend you at the time. I will send to-morrow about the *caisse* with the China figures, &c.

Bon soir.

LETTER XXI.

Tuesday, July 27, 1784.

I ONLY take up the pen, my dearest Polly, to renew my warmest wishes for your good journey, and happy passage to Dover, where you will find a tender and affectionate parent.

To-morrow I shall celebrate your excellent Dutchess's fête with real regard and gratitude.

I forgot to mention that I wish you to purchase a good map of the *environs of Paris* for about forty miles, which will include Fontainbleau and Compeigne as well as *Bonnelles*, and will be a high amusement to you. It will prove a good supplement to the large map of Paris, which I purchased a few months ago.

Lord Rodney is in great affliction, that

his eldest daughter run to the blacksmith at Gretna Green last Thursday with Sir William Chambers's son. One of Lord Rodney's sons played the same game with I know not whom the week before, and is said to have contrived it for his sister.

The Major dined here yesterday, more mad and slovenly than ever. It is the only time I have seen him since your absence. He says, that he totally disapproves me, since I have declared for Mr: Pitt, because I am now a party-man ; but I do not answer a madman.

Susan is much alarmed about the sea; but Jenny laughs at her very heartily, and wishes you would order her such a jaunt. I am uneasy about Susan, for she says she is afraid that she shall never muster up courage enough to venture on the sea. In this dilemma Mrs. Gordon and I have concluded to send her

next Monday, August 2, to Dover to Mrs. Belcher ; and if she continues the fool we suspect she will, I shall direct Mrs. Belcher to send you to Calais some female to escort you over, and Susan will attend you the rest of the tour. As I cannot be so soon at Dover, I cannot use any arguments to her on the spot, nor do I believe any would avail against the single strong idea of being drowned.

Your draft for 50 guineas came yesterday, and I duly honoured it. I have likewise the pleasure of your letter of the 22d instant. As you are so well pleased with your new servant, suppose you were to keep her. Prince's Court could contain her even now, and you know we look forward. Mrs. Gordon tells me this is Mrs. Smyth's birthday, so I am setting out with a superb bouquet for the worthy old lady.

I trust that no accident has happened

to my offering to the Dutchess. If it is unlucky, Mr. Harris tells me, that any fractures may be repaired by a person who lived with him, a Monsieur Maugé, chez Monsieur Chenu, Sculpteur-figuriste, rue neuve St. Laurent, proche les Peres Nazareth.

Your offering to the Dutchess is beautifully imagined, and the execution I hope will answer the excellence of the thought, with which she cannot but be struck. You will find that your last draft will not do, and you may draw again for what you will, but you cannot leave Paris with less than 30 or 40 Louis. I wish you to settle it with the master of the Sève manufactory how he is to be paid, and how the things are to be sent. Perhaps the Dutchess's homme d'affaires will take the trouble of all our little commissions.

I wish for a catalogue of the books printed in 12mo. by *Didot l'ainé*, rue

pavée S. A. I have the *Boileau*, and *La Fontaine*, *Fables*, and the *Collection des Moralistes Anciens*, but no others. If you send a servant, he would readily furnish you with his catalogue.

I shall write in time to Mrs. Belcher, and secure the best apartments at the City of London for Friday, the 6th of August, where I hope we shall have a happy meeting ; and so, dear girl, once more bon voyage.

LETTER XXII.

Tuesday, Aug. 3, 1784.

MY DEAR POLLY,

AT Paris, and in every capital, of Europe at least, you will create to yourself a superior regard and esteem; but your consequence in a country-town must originate in a very different way, and even this letter is of some moment, because it shews there are people out of such a country-town as Calais, who interest themselves for you.

Home news.—Susan set off for Dover yesterday morning at five, in good spirits as I am informed. The same day arrived two letters from my dear daughter, and the excellent Dutchess, both which I greatly admire. I am happy that the pillars came safe, and above all in the

auspicious moment; and considering their value, I do not much mind the Dutchess's paying the carriage, although I wish that it had been otherwise. Every thing has been fortunate, and most luckily timed, but unluckily Lady Effingham has been in New Palace Yard, and has read our now *great* cousin your long letter, which by no means seemed to please the Baronet's lady. It is however of no consequence, as I believe; from the little peep I can take into futurity, neither the intimacy of the B.'s, nor of the M.'s, will be much cultivated by you in future.

I wrote to Mrs. Belcher about a person to attend you, and shall be impatient for her to-morrow, should Susan be ridiculous.

Sir Francis Samuel Drake is to be sworn in at Guildhall on Thursday, after which I set out for Dartford.

Nothing can be more elegant than all the turns of the Dutchess's letter, nor more affectionate, and respectful, to you, as well as grateful to me.

The new Thomas is very attentive, and seems willing to learn, but is exceedingly awkward.

The weather is now become very fine, and I hope will favour your passage. Were I a poet, I should *odefy* Æolus; but as I am not, in plain prose I have only to wish propitious gales, and sunshine. You will find me wandering on the coast, like one of the ghosts in the sixth book of the Æneid, notwithstanding my aldermanic quality, and straining the visual orb after your packet.

Adieu!

LETTER XXIII.

City of London Inn, at Dover,
Saturday, Aug. 7, 1784.

DEAR POLLY,

I COULD not miss a Dover packet going with a favourable wind to Calais to tell you of my safe arrival here, and to wish you the same good luck. It blew a hurricane last night. If there should be the least danger, I entreat you by no means to venture. I shall wait your arrival, and as my holydays commenced yesterday, the public cannot suffer by the delay, although the impatience of a fond father most anxiously thinks with reluctance of your being detained one hour longer than you intended on the Gallic coast.

May the most propitious gales fill your sails !

Adieu !

LETTER XXIV.

South Parade, Bath,
Monday, May 16, 1785.

THE lowering sky of this morning, my dearest Polly, has more charms for me than the blue ether of Italy, for I expect *the clouds to drop fatness* shortly, in the Scripture phrase. The earth in general is quite parched up, but the meadows which border on the Avon have the usual tender verdure of spring. The nightingales are in full song, and I only regret that they do not charm your ear as they do mine in the morning as well as the evening.

When I breakfasted at Salt Hill on Saturday, Mrs. March carried me to what she called her *cottage*, a small house wonderfully neat ; almost close to

the field adjoining to the late Castle. There are three very good bedchambers, an excellent eating-room, and breakfast-parlour. It is separate from every thing, and I find the great people sometimes have it for four or five days. If the scheme is agreeable to my dear daughter, I would propose to have it from Saturday sevensight to the Monday following. I would meet you there on my return from Bath to dine at three on Saturday the 28th, the next morning go to chapel with our Sovereign at Windsor, dine at the famous Cliefdenspring, should the weather prove favourable, and in the evening see the company on the terrace of Windsor Castle. The *cottage* is engaged on the Monday evening on account of the Tuesday races. I wish you to let me know by the next post, if you relish my plan, that I may write accordingly to Mrs. March. If you choose to bring Mrs. Gordon, on

Miss Gordon, in *Miss's* coach, there can be no objection, and you would dine in town easily on the Monday, May the 30th.

I was at the rooms last night with the French Ambassador, who is surprisingly recovered. Lady Fleming, Lord Conyng-ham, &c. &c. lords and ladies, all make many inquiries after you. To-day I dine in the Circus with my old friend Mr. Plunkett. Lady Fleming is wonderfully agreeable, but rather too saucy for her matron age, &c.

My compliments to all the Prince's Court gentry. I have not yet seen the Molineux's, who are at the public breakfast, and yesterday at private parties all day.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille.

LETTER XXV.

South Parade, Bath,
Tuesday, May 17, 1785.

I AM just starting, my dearest Polly, for a great fair, which is to be held at Holloway, but I thought it proper to put up first in an envelope Miss Molineux's letter to you, and a note to me from her mother.

Since I wrote the above at ten this morning, the post is arrived, and brings me your charming letter of Saturday night, with the Bulletin, for which I am much obliged to you. I return it.

I am glad we have so many volumes of Voltaire. Why should you leave them in my cabinet? Why not undo the packet, and look them over?

Good morrow, *très chère et très aimée fille.*

LETTER XXVI.

South Parade, Bath,
Wednesday, May 18, 1785.

I BEG the favour of you, dear Polly, to tell Mrs. Gordon, that I went myself to Colonel Gould's, in River Street, with her little packet for Miss Gwynn. She does not live at the Colonel's; but was to dine there that day, and Mrs. Gould took charge of it. The Colonel is confined to his bed. The *quarter of a guinea* is at a relation's, still very ill from a great swelling in her neck, a complaint under which she has laboured for many months.

I saw Mrs. M——— and her daughter yesterday, and they are both in perfect health. She complains much about a letter from her son since Mr. M———'s

visit to Lisle, which I am to wade through after dinner to-day. I sincerely pity her, but I do not comprehend how two females can contrive to *rusticate* more and more every month at Bath. My attentions to her are redoubled from her unfortunate situation.

Mr. Hartford has new furnished and papered the upper apartments, and with the aid of my prints they look very gay, but not cheerful without you.

I have at eleven this morning received together your two letters of Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon, for both which I thank you, and for the extract from the Dutchess de la Valliere's letter. It is well written; yet were I a subject of France, I could not sing the praises of the minister who conducted the war before the last. I believe however in all the amiable qualities and lively wit of the Duke of Choiseul, but not

quite in the Dutchess's assertion, " Je suis sure que sa femme en mourera de douleur."

Colonel Barré is here, and I have much conversation with him. We go to Bowwood to dine next Sunday, but return in the evening.

I am happy that you like my plan for the *cottage*, and I will write to Mrs. March in time, and enclose you the letter for fear of its miscarriage by a cross post.

Bath is not alive, even to scandal, and only two cotillon balls remain to be danced.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille.

LETTER XXVII.

South Parade, Bath,
Friday, May 20, 1785.

I AM very glad, my dear Polly, that Cawdron's draft to *bearer* came safe. It was a great indiscretion in him to risk it by the post. It ought to have been on a stamp, and to *order*.

Company arriving soon after dinner at Mrs. ——'s prevented my being teased with the foolish young Squire's letter; and the squabbles of every part of that family are tiresome and uninteresting to all but relations.

Lord Lansdowne has just sent me an invitation to Bowwood, which I accept for Sunday, but return here in the evening.

Mr. L-sc-lls is arrived, not wafted here, as I understand, by the warm

wishes of Lady F——. He has just been to see me.

Lady Conyngham had a grand rout last night, at which the beautiful waist-coat, which you brought me from France, was displayed and admired. These routs bid fair to ruin Bath, as a public place.

Monsieur D'Adhémar is surprisingly recovered, but appears to me very low-spirited. He talks more of his *regime* than any thing else, and is very shy about accepting dinners from some late sufferers.

Clarke is so stupid, that he is almost useless, except for the dressing my hair. I am always shaved by a barber. I cannot long keep him, yet do not think of parting with him in a hurry, and when I do, it will be in perfect good humour, for he is honest and sober, but, from his ignorance and *gaucherie*, he is really troublesome. I have not yet for this

reason given any dinner, and doubt whether I shall or not, upon this account.

Lord N——t has just left me. He complains much of a scratch on his leg, which has assembled all the foul humours of his body, and they are not few. Be so good to keep Cawdron's 50*l.* till my return.

I mean to leave Bath next Friday, to lie at the Castle at Speen Hill that night, and hope to join you by two at the *cottage*, on Saturday the 25th.

Adieu!

LETTER XXVIII.

South Parade, Bath,
Sunday, May 22, 1785.

I REALLY ought, my dearest Polly, to make you the *amende honorable* for repeating the *fi donc, fi donc*, on the supposition that you did not write last *Wednesday*, for this day's post has brought me your letter, and the Morning Post of that day's date, marked on the cover, *Mis-sent to Maidenhead*. I thank you for the Bulletin, which accompanied. The Bulletins on such interesting subjects are worth preservation.

Poor Mrs. G——! to be so suddenly struck! *Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow*, shall always be a part of my Litany at every age, for poor Mr. P—— at eighty, *bien sonn  es*, has been within the

two last years ruined, in finance as well as reputation, by an artful jade of this place. He is now at a distance well watched at a relation's house. My wines, &c. were all however untouched.

I am sorry to send you so bad an account of our legacies from ———. Mr. P-t-n, the executor, has put the will into Chancery, and pays nobody. The Doctor left in legacies many thousands more than he was worth. Mrs. C——'s 10*l.* for mourning unpaid, the servants' year's wages unpaid, nothing paid but the rings. No prospect of any near arrangement. The Parson C——l has been many months removed into Berkshire. A legacy there of 1500*l.* unpaid even in part. I believe that you and I shall scarcely seek a remedy by throwing our own guineas after the Doctor's.

Mr. Hancock has not yet been able to please himself in fish, delicate enough

for you or the Lord Mayor, but hopes that to-morrow's market will answer to his mind.

It is truly barbarous of you to remind me of my former sufferings, now my *ears* are recovering, but I hope before next Saturday to be enough recovered less to dread the combat.

I am just stepping into the post-chaise to proceed to Bowwood, and therefore bid my dear Polly

Good morrow.

LETTER XXIX.

South Parade, Bath,
Tuesday, May 24, 1785.

I WAS too late yesterday for the post, my dearest Polly, or I should have told you of my Sunday's excursion to Bowwood, where I had a most flattering reception from the Marquis and Marchioness. I was however walked off my legs from two to five, when we dined, and I returned to Bath at eight, sleeping half the way in the post-chaise from mere lassitude. The chateau is truly magnificent, and well furnished, but no three rooms lie together, which must render it extremely inconvenient. The environs are gay, in the style of Brown. I was much pressed to stay, but I could not contrive it. The warm-

est invitations to return for a long abode. Lord Wycombe, who is an amiable young man of Christ Church, Oxford, I became acquainted with at Colonel Barré's here.

I wish you to write a line to Mrs. March, at the Windmill, Salt Hill, Bucks, to acquaint her of our intention to dine at the *cottage* on Saturday, lest my letter should have miscarried.

I do not desire any letters, or papers, should be sent here after Wednesday afternoon, five, because the letters are not distributed till eleven in the morning, and I leave Bath on Friday at six.

I return you the Bulletin; the three first lines of which made me laugh à *gorge déployée*, and I likewise received this morning a packet of books, papers, &c. by the coach.

I beg the favour of you to write to me by *Thursday's* post, by five in the

afternoon, *at the Castle, Speen Hill, Berks*, and I shall have your letter on my arrival in the evening.

I have not given any dinner for reasons you guess, but have dined always alone, or from home.

I wish you to keep the parcel rolled till my return.

The Molineux's are well, and send their compliments.

Bon jour, ma très chère et très aimable fille.

LETTER XXX.

South Parade, Bath,
Wednesday, May 25, 1785.

I HAVE just received my dear Polly's letter of yesterday, and, as soon as I have finished this dispatch, I shall proceed to execute your commission about the coach carpet, with which I am much pleased and honoured. Mr. Coward, in New Bond Street, had my orders some days ago to search every where for the best things of the kind, and now I have the measure, there can be no delay.

You may very well contrive to dine at Cranford Bridge next Monday. The house is very neat, not far from our former dwelling, and the situation rural. We must quit the *cottage* Monday morn-

ing, as it is to be got ready for Lord Craven, &c. &c. in the evening. My time must be uncertain, for should it be the third reading of the Tax on Retail Shops, I must be at the House to vote against it, from the warm opposition made to it by the city. In that case, I should go on in a post-chaise, and you would return to Prince's Court in the cool of the evening.

Poor Mrs. M———! My heart bleeds for her. I have given her a little of my fine tokay.

I beg you to say *mille choses* for me to your Dutchess.

I wish you much entertainment at Bellamy's benefit.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

Friday, July 30, 1785.

I WRITE to you, my dearest Polly, as you desire, although I have very little to mention. One particular will give you pleasure. I have this morning got the *caisse*, which you sent so long ago as the 26th of June. This afternoon all the letters were forwarded. Every thing came perfectly safe. I went myself to the Custom-house, was detained three hours, and obliged to pay 2*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* I am however exceedingly pleased with all the cups and saucers, as well as with the *shepherdess*. The charming *Bergere* will always please me; and I am sure that she will not make any complaint of *fifty-six*, nor look graver than before, when she finds she is not placed on a *bergere*.

I hope this will kiss your hands in good time after your arrival, to make you easy about the *caisse*. I wish you to contrive to have every thing sent to Leguillon put on board the packet, as well as what you bring, and it would be right to take a note of how many parcels there are. It will be much easier to arrange this from the Dover custom-house, than from that at London.

Susan now talks very courageously, but I doubt her prowess, if the least gale of wind should arise. By to-morrow's post I shall write to Mrs. Belcher, that a female attendant may in all cases sail with the first packet after next Monday, when Susan will arrive at Dover. I still continue in the resolution of being this day sevensnight, August 6, at Dover. I have arranged every thing for *October 3*.

I have this day a letter from Mrs.

Hayley of her safe arrival at Boston. She seems highly pleased with her reception.

Mrs. Smith at last agrees to the pregnancy of Lady B——, who, against all remonstrances, *now* determines to go to Dover in her way to Lisle next Friday. Their things being packed up, this house accommodates the foolish young couple with tea-urns, waiters, &c. &c. Mrs. M—— is gone to Mr. H——'s, at Charlton in Kent.

My dearest Polly, adieu—bon voyage.

LETTER XXXII.

Prince's Court,
Friday Morning, May 19, 1786.

JAMES is just arrived, my dearest Polly, and has brought me the welcome news, that you were in perfect health yesterday, and the wind quite propitious for your passage. I have to thank you for three favours, the billet left on the table, and your letters from Sittingbourn and Dover.

I went yesterday to Sir Robert Herries's, and purchased you a bill on Paris, at seven days sight, for 960 livres, or 40 Louis. I paid for it only 39*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* so that reckoning guineas and Louis as the same in travelling, you gain near 6 per cent. I am to return you 13*s.* 4*d.* out of the 40*l.* I enclose the bill.

I paid yesterday your coach, servant's tax, &c. 6*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* Mr. and Mrs. Gordon dine here to-day, and I enclose the lady's note, and the account of Dornford's defeat.

I will see the Swinburnes to-morrow. I suppose you will write to Mrs. Swinburne as soon as you arrive at Paris.

Lord Surrey's motion for a committee to inquire into the state of Parliamentary representation, was lost yesterday by 31.

I desire to be laid at the feet of the Dutchess de la Valliere, with a thousand expressions of attachment and devotion.

I am impatient for the account of your arrival on the Gallic coast.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, May 23, 1786.

YOUR letter from Calais, my dearest Polly, made me very happy, and gave great satisfaction to our good neighbours, who are become impatient to hear of your having passed the sea with safety. I went with it to Blenheim Street, and gave your compliments to all that worthy family, with our joint acknowledgments respecting Mrs. Susan. Mr. Swinburne is going into Yorkshire for ten days, but he goes en garçon.

I received your letter by the Dover post yesterday at three.

A French gentleman brought here a letter from Lady B—— directed to you or me. It contained only the common

news of Lisle, and the hope of seeing you there.

I wrote to you last Friday, and enclosed Sir Robert Herries's bill for forty Louis at seven days sight.

I wish you to send me, to the care of Monsieur Leguillon at Calais, "*Voyage en Italie, par Monsieur de la Lande, avec un Atlas, 9 vol. in 12mo. brochés, seconde edition, corrigée et augmentée.*"

The Gordons dined with me on Friday, and talked of you with great regard and affection.

Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Smith, &c. &c. &c. have made many inquiries.

Tuesday sevensnight is now fixed for Mr. Burke to exhibit his first charge against Mr. Hastings, respecting the Rohilla war, and I think it probable that may terminate the whole business. I saw him yesterday, in the same calm, philosophical temper, which has always

distinguished him, in the most trying situations.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER XXXIV.

Prince's Court,
Friday, May 26, 1786.

YOUR letter from Paris of the 21st arrived in good time yesterday, my dearest Polly, to comfort me under the loss of the single article in the Portland Museum, on which I had set my heart, to present to you. I thought that I had left a splendid commission, 35*l*. It sold for 38*l*. 17*s*. I inquired the name of the purchaser, and was directed to Jeffries and Jones. I went to them, but

was informed that it was purchased for the Duke of Portland, who had ordered them to bid 100 guineas, or rather by no means to suffer it to be sold. Such an answer ruined all my hopes. I soon however recovered the disappointment, when I had the account of your agreeable journey, and safe arrival at Paris, and I lost sight of “the thirty circular portraits of illustrious personages, finely modelled and coloured by *Holbein*,” to turn my view towards the illustrious personages, the Dutchess de la Valliere, the Princesse de Tarente, the Dutchess de Chastillon, with whom you are at present.

Nothing can exceed the polite tenderness of their manner of receiving the English traveller.

I am highly flattered by the Dutchess's being used to wear the *cross*, and *watch-chain*, which I had the honour of pre-

senting to her. It is something to be about her person even in that manner, and where—but the pleasures of a wild imagination are not to be indulged.

The Comte de Gramont called here this morning, when I was absent, and left me a packet from the Comte de Lusignan. It contained one of the most elegant Greek books which I ever saw, the charming Anacreon, printed at Parma, and superbly bound, with two French brochures. If you see the Comte, let him know how kindly I take such a *royal* remembrance of his humble servant.

Middiman has sent here two copies of No. 6 of *Select Views*. I paid ten shillings for them. Are they to be sent to you at Paris, or kept here?

The Exchequer bills of 1785 to the amount of two millions are paying off by Exchequer bills of 1786.

Prince's Court and courtiers remain, as before, fixed and quiet.

Adieu !

LETTER XXXV.

Guildhall,

Tuesday, May 30, 1786.

FROM this place, my dearest Polly, you will only expect a dull letter of business. My thanks and praises shall be given to Mr. Palmer for his new regulation of the post, by which on the Monday I have the favour of your letter from Paris of the 25th, with great exactness, and I likewise received the packet with the letter for Mrs. Swinburne, the Memoire of the Cardinal de Rohan, &c. &c.

I am greatly obliged by your kind attention. I sent immediately to Mrs. Swinburne, who had made many inquiries.

Much good humour prevails at present in the city, but no small pains are taken to raise a commotion respecting the new excise on wine ; however, there is little probability of success.

Stocks have risen four per cent. within these three days.

D-rnf-d will still go on:

“ Destroy his fib, or sophistry—in vain—
The creature 's at his dirty work again;”

but he can do no mischief.

I rejoice that the Dutchess is so cheerful. She does honour to her sex, her nation, and to the present age.

Mr. Hastings has purchased Beaumont Lodge near Windsor.

The Ambassador will of course give a splendid entertainment next Monday. I

do not pay my duty that day at St. James's, and consequently make no new clothes ; but as the House will adjourn on Friday, I make a little tour early on Saturday to Brighthelmstone, and return on the Wednesday of the next week, June the 7th, to attend the House on the 8th.

I beg to be affectionately remembered to all the Holbach family, and to Madame Chantereine, and Madame Genlis.

The weather is very fine, but rather sultry.

I was glad of the accurate information which you sent me respecting the abolition of torture in France.

Be careful of that first of blessings, health, and continue to love me with tenderness.

Adieu !

LETTER XXXVI.

Prince's Court,
Friday, June 2, 1786.

I FLATTERED myself yesterday, my dearest Polly, with the fond hope of giving you the pleasing news of the full justification of Mr. Hastings from the first charge of being the cause of the Rohilla war. I am however disappointed, and after a long weary debate of all yesterday afternoon, night, and a part of this morning, it is adjourned till this afternoon, and I suppose will scarcely be concluded before to-morrow. Mr. Burke was tiresome, and even dull *, when we all expected the highest animation from him. It is supposed some words of

* Yet in the reading nothing is more lively and imaginative. EDIT.

amendment will be made by the friends of Administration to Mr. Burke's motion, which will be exculpatory, if not a complete justification. I mean to submit my sentiments on this business to the House, if I can have an early opportunity, but I will never address a tired audience, except from necessity.

I have sent you by Guyon a little packet from Mrs. Gordon, the sixth number of the *Views*, only one copy however, and a golden thimble, as Hannah tells me you desired. From hints I have from Mr. Elmsly, and some other circumstances, I should not choose to send you any thing of considerable value by that conveyance, but what is not, you shall have sent you regularly by his machine.

I am sorry for the bankruptcy of Thomas Lozanoy Fresheda, your Spanish tenant in Red Lion Court. It is said to

be owing to the non-arrival in time of remittances from Cadiz, and that his character is good, and assets sufficient to pay every one, when they can be got in. Mr. Paice will of course not forget your first claims, as landlady. I beg you to have no obligations to him, but to draw on me, if you want any money.

Heaton has just left me. Nancy's matrimonial proposal does not proceed, and the gentleman has declared he cannot contrive money-affairs, owing to the backwardness of an aunt and brother. Mr. Rotch has been in France, and is returned to London. It seems nothing could be settled with Mr. and Mrs. B-k-r.

Your attention in sending me the *Leiden Gazettes*, *Mercures*, curious *Memoires*, &c. &c. obliges me exceedingly, but above all the particulars in your letters, which are highly entertaining and

interesting to a father. Now and then I oblige a friend with a perusal, if the letter contains only amusing anecdotes, and the friend has discretion, which is not the virtue of Mr. H. The Roman poet says, "the curious and inquisitive man is always the blab." It is greatly exemplified in ——. The Hastings tell me of two or three gross indiscretions in public conversations on the walks at Cheltenham, which seem to have been one cause of their coolness to him. He has however many virtues, but none, I believe, which are not *factise*. They do not spring from the rich soil of natural goodness. I have him here twice a day, but I should be quite satisfied with seeing him once in the twenty-four hours.

The conduct of the Dutchess to the poor persecuted servant of Normandy, merits every praise. I am struck with admiration. Nothing can more exalt the human character, nor give more real

dignity. I am happy when I read such anecdotes. Madame de Genlis should record it. Accursed be the *ignoble* family, who would plan the destruction of humble innocence, even under their protection as a servant !

If Mr. Hastings's business should be concluded by that hour, I shall go to Brighthelmstone at seven to-morrow morning, and shall scarcely return before Wednesday, which will prevent my writing by Tuesday's post, but I hope to epistolize you this day sevensnight. Let me have all your commissions. Mr. Elmsly says, that he has a surer conveyance than Guyon's.

I wait for your directions about the other copy of the *Views*.

Mrs. Gordon is recovered from her bad cold and fever. Mrs. Smith is well. They both desire their best compliments.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille.

LETTER XXXVII.

Brighthelmstone,
Wednesday, June 7, 1786.

I CAME here, my dearest Polly, last Saturday to dinner, for I was too far exhausted to wait the end of the debate on the Rohilla war. It was not finished till eight on the Saturday morning, when Mr. Hastings gained a complete victory. I paired off at eleven on Friday night, and stepped into my post-chaise before seven on the Saturday. The weather is so very fine, that as the Chamberlain's office does not open in the Whitsun week, I shall not return to Prince's Court till Saturday morning.

I have the pleasure of your letter of May 31st, and shall write to the Dutchess, as you desire, by Friday's post.

I heartily congratulate the Rohan family on the happy issue of the *collier* cause, and the public on seeing the end of so tiresome and teasing a business.

I hope you have before this received the 6th number of Middiman's Views. I have not mentioned it in my letter, but I shall send the Dutchess a wonderful beauty, called *an egg grotto*. It is to be seen through the magnifying glass at the end, and *held up against the sun*. I only wait for a safe conveyance, and it will be matter of no small pleasure and surprise, I believe.

Mr. Elmsly has sent me a curious new book, entitled "*La Vie de Voltaire*." The title-page has "*à Geneve, 1786*." There are many interesting anecdotes, some not favourable to Madame de Genlis. I suppose you have seen it, or I would have transcribed these particulars.

Susan's letter to her brother shall certainly go in a frank by Saturday night's post.

Lord Mansfield and Mr. Forth are drolly coupled as giving letters to Madame de Genlis. The peer is really most dangerously ill—The Duke of Northumberland still lives.

The Steine here is quite spoiled by the number of red-brick houses, which almost entirely exclude the view of the corn-fields and the downs.

I wish you could have some of our mackerel, soles, brills, shrimps, &c. &c. which are in high perfection.

Adieu !

LETTER XXXVIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, June 13, 1786.

YOUR box, my dearest Polly, which brought me the obliging present of an elegant cup and saucer, will take back the *egg grotto* for your friend the excellent Dutchess, and I believe it will charm wonderfully, provided there should be sunshine, and the magnifying glass is kept to the eye.

Many thanks for all the pieces on a late affair. I will imitate your prudence, and make no remarks ; but I am infinitely curious about the minutiae of an affair which interests all Europe, and in which the seeds of all jurisprudence are included.

I returned here on Saturday morning.

The weather was so fine at Brighthelmstone, that as the Chamberlain's office was shut for the whole week, I did not return to the capital till the end of it, by which I avoided, like an old soldier, all the teasing business of the new excise on wine, and objections might have otherwise been had against me on the very near Midsummer-day.

I sent Mrs. Swinburne a noble present of fish and mutton from Brighthelmstone, and wrote to her by the post. This morning, on my return to town from Kensington Gore, I called in Blenheim Street, but she was from home, and he in Yorkshire. Her son has been here, and brought three letters, which I shall send by the first opportunity, and some curious prints, of which I beg your acceptance.

I have not yet received the *Marquis de Ckastellux's Voyages*, nor *De la*

Lande. Be so good to send me
 “ *Amusement du Sultan, estampe de 14
 pouces sur 18, No. 29, au deuxième, dans
 les nouveaux batimens du Palais Royal.
 Prix 18 livres.*”

I shall send Hannah this morning to
 execute your commissions, and they will
 come in the next packet.

You acted with your usual propriety
 respecting Mr. and Mrs. B-k-r, and they
 very absurdly. The idea of their *settling*
 so far off as Nancy in the present *unsettled*
 state of their affairs seems very strange,
 while negotiations of an important, pe-
 cuniary nature are still carrying on. I
 rank them in the same class with the rest
 of the relations of the family, and say
 with La Chapelle to his friend Mo-
 reau,

Oui, Moreau, ma façon de vivre
 Est du voir peu d'honnêtes gens,
 Et prier Dieu qu'il me delivre
 Sur-tout de messieurs mes parens.

I hope you admired the fine writing of my letter to the Dutchess.

We expect to pass the night and morning in the House of Commons, on the business of Mr. Hastings.

I wish you to subscribe for the *Journal de Paris*, and I will be at the expense—I sent your letter immediately to Mr. Paice.

The quarrels of the A-b-rys and H—tease me, who am obliged to hear the whole; and I pity you, who must read a long nonsensical letter from him on the occasion, which he shewed me yesterday. He is the most indiscreet man I know, and unfit to see any confidential letters.

I am sorry my friend George Pitt should neglect the *petite morale* so much. It is certainly of more consequence in France than the *grande morale*. Your conduct would strike the French still

more than the English, notwithstanding the particular of the day.

I wish you to tell the good Dutchess that I received the letter with which she honoured Mr. Filistry, the young Italian poet. I have likewise been at his miserable lodgings in Little Suffolk Street. His object is, to be patronized as a superior Italian poet. I beg you to say that I will do him what services I can, but I fear they must be trifling.

Monsieur Chambellan is set out, and Le Comte de Kagenneck goes to Brussels in about a week—Monsieur Barthelemi set off yesterday for a fortnight's tour to the North with the President De Viry.

All the *Prince's Courtiers* are well, and send you many compliments, so do the Hastings's.

My dearest daughter, *bon jour.*

LETTER XXXIX.

Prince's Court,
Friday, June 16, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

AFTER the surprising revolution on Tuesday in Mr. Hastings's business, you will naturally imagine how much occupied my friendship for that gentleman, and my firm persuasion of his innocence, has been in his service. After the *first* charge had been voted unfounded, and it was brought forwards *first* avowedly by Burke and Fox as the clearest and most enormous, no man entertained the idea that a second charge, unproved and of less moment, could have been supported. I paired off at ten with Merionethshire Vaughan, and therefore did not hear Pitt's speech, but I understand the beginning and middle

were rather a fulsome panegyric of Mr. Hastings, and the end a furious attack on him for *extortion*, which is not the charge. He is therefore by the *Committee* to be reported that he should be impeached for a crime, with which he has not been charged, but I hope the *House* will negative such absurd proceedings. The *Solicitor General*, and several others, having no suspicion of what was to happen, were gone, as well as Mr. W. The treachery in this business I dare not develop, yet I think it will end, in a few months, in the downfall of the present powers. Pitt acknowledged not only the *rebellious* intentions of Cheit Sing, but the *overt acts*, yet afterwards talked of extortion, for the necessities of the state, against a man, who had forfeited his life and all. I went to see Mr. Hastings on the Wednesday, and sat a long time with him. He still rises superior to the

faction, but she is timid and low-spirited.

I hope you received the packet with Mrs. Gordon's letter, &c. &c. Yesterday I sent you a variety of prints, of which I desire your acceptance. Those of Johnson and Boswell are excellent. I should however have said, that the print of the Princess Sophia I designed for the Dutchess. The same packet contains several letters, the needles, and scissars: I wait to hear of their being received before I send the handkerchiefs, which are ready. I am embarrassed about the *egg grotto*, and believe it must wait for Mrs. Swinburne, whom I saw yesterday, and Mademoiselle D'Eon, &c. in Blenheim Street.

A dead calm in the city, and a prospect of its continuing, at least till after Midsummer-day.

I desire to be affectionately remember-

ed to the Baron and Madame d'Holbach, and to Madame Helvetius.

Three or four new prints have appeared on the old subject, and a family scene or two, in Grosvenor Square, but they are 7*s.* 6*d.* each, which I thought too extravagant.

The hay-harvest is very abundant, and fine weather to get it in. India stock has fallen five per cent., and the other stocks rather drooping, but my stock of affection to my dear daughter rises daily.

Adieu !

LETTER XL.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, June 20, 1786.

No, my dearest Polly, it is impossible that your letters can be too frequent, or unentertaining, and I am greatly obliged by their frequency. You have a fine field before you, and you cultivate it, *con diligenza, con studio, con amore*.

I am to seek the *mot* of the enigma about the Prince of Condé, which probably ought not to be trusted to the post.—I was heartily sorry to dash the cup of joy on the first success of Mr. Hastings by the particulars of the second business. Friday next I hope will

bring complete satisfaction. My only alarm is the postponing the other charges to the next session, and his being kept in hot water so long a time. That business will probably prevent my writing on Friday, but on Thursday I shall send a large letter, or rather packet, from Mrs. Gordon, and the handkerchiefs which you desired. By Tuesday's post you will have the full account of the East Indian business, and of Midsummer-day, which I believe will pass very quietly after a few fine speeches.

Our neighbourhood is much incommoded by the silly pomp at Northumberland House, which is to finish to-morrow. The show has been by tickets. I sent mine to Mrs. Swinburne, with which she was much pleased.

Your last letter is dated June 14th. I have not yet that by Captain Wilmot.

I rejoice that Madaine de Chantereine

is able to make the excursion which you mention. I hope it will be propitious to her health. Pray assure her of my great regard.

Alderman Peckham has resigned, and we give him 360*l.* a year for life, or till he is otherwise provided for: a noble provision! My friend George Macaulay succeeds. One vote for D-rnf-rd —At the Society for propagating the Gospel, D-rnf-rd was black-balled twenty-six to three white; the three white, his son and two nephews.

I have carefully put by all your *Mercur*es and *Bulletins*, as well as the *Leiden Gazettes*.

Monsieur de Vergennes's marrying a Greek is a singularity, from the strong national prejudices of the French. He must possess a strong mind. The revolutions in Sweden and America are efforts of his genius in the opposite ex-

treme, and equally beneficial to his country, France.

I sent Mrs. Cosway a haunch of venison.

Adieu !

LETTER XLI.

Prince's Court,
Friday, June 23, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I MUCH feared, from the hurry of Parliament and city business, that I should not have been able to pay my compliments to you by this post, but a very early hour of this morning has given me a quarter of an hour's leisure.

Yesterday I was favoured with your letter of the 18th, and the day before

I received that by Captain Wilmot, the waistcoat, and all the books in good order. The embroidery of the waistcoat is in perfect taste, but the ground is grave enough for an Alderman. Accept many thanks for it, and the care of all the articles. *Numa Pompilius* is beautifully printed. The merit of the work I do not know, but I love *Florian* as an author.

I was much embarrassed by a note from Baron de Wessenberg, which goes in this day's packet by the diligence. On a full explanation with the Baron and James, the parcel which the Baron has for you, contains only the books from Elmsly. The Baron leaves us next Monday. The packet has a letter from Mrs. Motte, some handkerchiefs, &c.

Mr. Wright has declared, that he will nominate Sir Watkin to-morrow as Chamberlain. All my friends laugh at

the idea. Sir Watkin does not, openly at least, lend himself to it. I have taken pains to have a great appearance, and I believe the whole will pass as usual, after a few wise speeches from the Auditors, &c.

The business of Mr. Hastings will be postponed by a particular Bill till next sessions ; an event which I have long expected, but could not persuade Major Scott to believe.

God has not given the Baron much understanding ; but in lieu of it, he has an enormous *sotte vanité* of his own procuring, which disgusts the Dutchess, but only amuses me, and I pardon every thing in consideration of his excessive good-nature, the first and most amiable of companionable qualities.

I dined yesterday very agreeably with Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Boswell, a Miss E—, good-humoured and greasy,

Andrews, &c. They all inquired much after you, and desired many compliments. Every thing moves there as usual, in an easy and elegant style.

The weather has been very gloomy for several days, with much rain, but the crops of hay have been well got in, and are very abundant. I understand that it is not so, neither in Flanders, nor Holland.

The servants are all very orderly, and send their duty; but I believe they wish your return, as does their master.

I glory in the vigour of our government for all the circumstances attending the prompt execution of Fitzgerald for that foul murder.

D'Eon is returned from the country in high spirits.

A change of ministry in a month is much talked of, generally supposed in favour of Lord Lansdowne, but a coali-

tion between Fox and Pitt is likewise suspected, from their late mutual forbearance—Pitt is spoken of with great severity on account of the vote against Mr. Hastings, the most illogical conclusion from the most logical premises—Aubery has alarming fits of giddiness.

Mr. Swinburne is still in the North, and no day mentioned for his return.

I have bought here *la première livraison de la Galerie du Palais Royal*. Be so good to get me *la deuxième livraison*. It costs twelve livres. It should come by a private hand, to save the enormous duty on prints, or you may put it among your baggage.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER XLII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, June 27, 1786.

I HAVE the satisfaction, my dearest Polly, of announcing to you the perfect success of the Chamberlain at Midsummer. No opposition of any kind. Every hand was held up for me. I made a speech, which was highly applauded, and indeed it was firm, collected, and spirited. After my re-election, I thanked the livery in warm and animated expressions. ———— certainly wished to trip up my heels, but I stood too firm. He maintains his old character of being faithless and foolish. I had taken no small pains to obtain a great attendance of my friends, who were indeed very hearty in the cause ; and at no time have

I found the people more zealous in my support. This is a most pleasing reflection to me ; for it has settled on the firmest foundation, for the rest of my life, the honourable rank which I now hold in the metropolis of my country.

The contest of the Auditors is a matter of mere amusement, in which I take no part.

The second part of the *Picturesque Beauties of Boswell* was published yesterday, and is still better than the first. I shall send it to you on Thursday morning, with the remainder of your handkerchiefs, &c. &c.

I have the favour of your letter of the 22d, and am much concerned at the good Dutchess's indisposition : I beg you to assure her of the tender part I take in it, and of my warm wishes for her speedy recovery.

Yesterday I gave a venison dinner to Sir Charles Bunbury, and Messrs. Jekyl, Gordon, Penn, Vaughan, Boswell, and Mainwaring. The members were chance-customers, allured by the flavour of the venison, which they scented from afar. It was a cheerful day, but we all regretted your absence.

The weather has been for several days rainy and sultry.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings are both delighted with Beaumont Lodge. Last night they returned to town. We have strong invitations to the Lodge.—Heaton was not at Guildhall on Saturday! It is expected that the Parliament will be prorogued at the end of the next week. My colleague, Mr. Mainwaring, is become the subject of much popular abuse on account of the Lottery bill, which is approved by all men of sense.

Your account of Madame La Motte amused me exceedingly. So much for the House of Valois !

I have sent your bounty to Burt's family.

H. shewed me your letter to him. I selected two of yours, which I carefully perused first above stairs, and then let him read.

Adieu !

LETTER XLIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, June 30, 1786.

I WAS highly pleased, my dearest Polly, that I had an opportunity yesterday of giving you so great an enter-

tainment as the *Second Part of the Picturesque Beauties of Boswell*. The *first* you admired ; the *second* will please you still more, for it has still greater merit, contrary to the received idea, and it is a just one, of almost all *second* parts.

I have just now the favour of your letter of the 27th, and I am happy that the good Dutchess is so far recovered : I hope her perfect cure is not far distant. By the last post I sent you all the detail of Midsummer-day, and its propitious conclusion for the Chamberlain.

I received the *Mercure*, No. 24, yesterday, the *Leiden Gazettes*, which are exceedingly curious, and four numbers of the *Journal de Paris*, which are sad trash, and I think not worth continuing beyond the present abonnement. I forgot to mention the good Dutchess's letter, which is in the highest degree obliging.

I will not fail to communicate to Mrs.

Swinburne a piece of intelligence so interesting to her, as the repeal of the *edict respecting carriages*.

I am sorry for the King of France's journey to Cherburg. It shews an attention to the marine, which, as an Englishman, I wish he did not possess.

I shall certainly get acquainted with Cagliostro, but I have heard nothing of him yet at London.

Mr. and Mrs. Necker have all the Swiss pride and ill-breeding, but they are distinguished enough for you to wish being acquainted with them, as well as the ugly Ambassadress*.

* Why is the reserve of Necker attributed to pride? Mr. Wilkes's good-nature might have afforded him a more natural solution. To seek too an acquaintance with those whom we dislike, merely *because they are distinguished*, is not, perhaps, consonant either to *the petite* or the *grande morale*.—EDIT.

What an eternal, stunning alarum belongs to the lady in ——— Street ! She has however a little smattering of knowledge and taste, but a very small portion of wit. She sunk us all last week into a deadly lassitude. He escaped it by being in the North ; but use may have reconciled him to it, as it does a miller to his mill.

Adieu !

LETTER XLIV.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, July 4, 1786.

YESTERDAY morning I received, my dearest Polly, the favour of your letter, and the three prints. That of *L'Amour Ramoneur* is truly whimsical, and the female figure interesting. Soon after came the *Mercure*, &c. with Cagliostro's new *Memoire*; for all which I thank you very much.

I was yesterday at the Cosways'. Mrs. Cosway said smilingly, "Miss Wilkes has forgot me, Mr. Wilkes, but you have not." I had sent her a fine haunch of venison. She put me in mind of a promise to breakfast there, and wanted much to send you something. I found it was a drawing to be taken of me, but I evaded

it, by referring her to Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*, where was a great likeness of me among the *Sapajous* and the *Sagouins*. He has lately done some very pleasing things.

Mr. Swinburne is returned from the North in improved health. That family intend to leave London on Thursday sevensnight, and go to Paris by Bright-helmstone and Dieppe. I shall send the Dutchess the *egg-grotto* by them.

To-morrow I give a turtle to Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, Mademoiselle D'Eon, Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne, Mrs. Motte, Major Scott, and Mr. Rigby; when I am sure we shall not forget libations to your health.

Lord Rodney talks of impeaching Lord Lansdowne for giving up the letters and documents in his office, which proved the guilt of many British subjects at St. Eustatius, who are now suing him, as no

proof remains against them. There are ninety actions against him, and he told me that he should soon be 200,000*l.* worse than nothing. He talks likewise of suing Lord Lansdowne for damages to the amount of 500,000*l.* All this seems very strange, and I see no relief but by an Act of Parliament in the next session. I send you Rodney's curious affidavits.

Sir William B—— and Captain M—— have given up housekeeping at Lisle, and are gone into lodgings, though without any formal quarrel; yet separate lodgings. The Captain is come on a visit to England for a short time. Mrs. M——, Miss, and the Captain, are now at No. 48, Charing Cross; but the Captain chooses not to appear. I think he is more trifling and silly than ten years ago. The father returned with the Captain, and a variety of negotiations are carrying on in that distracted family. Lady Cler-

mont has received the ring and letter by Mrs. Hubbard.

Adieu!

The sale of the Portland Museum ended on the 7th of June. The Barberini vase sold for 900 guineas ; the Jupiter Serapis, cut out of green basaltes, for 165 guineas ; the Augustus Cæsar, a cameo onyx, for 225 guineas ; the works of Hollar in 13 folio volumes, 385*l.* ; and Henry VI.'s missal 213*l.* 3*s.* I did not purchase a single article, and indeed only longed for one, and for you.

LETTER XLV.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, July 11, 1786.

I WAS so exceedingly hurried, my dearest Polly, the latter end of the last week, that I found it impossible to give you the detail of my turtle dinner. La Chevalière D'Eon was prevented coming from the reason you will find in her billet to me, which I sent to you by the diligence. Mrs. Hastings was ill, and Rigby in the country; so that all our company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne, Mr. Hastings, Major Scott, and Alderman Newnham. The dinner was complete, all dressed by Jey, with a little help of Newcombe and a maid, except the turtle; the bill of fare from the London Tavern—a dessert of ices, &c. &c.

I went with D'Eon, and his French friends, and some English ladies, by the Prince's invitation, to see Carlton House. I was highly pleased, but none of the Prince's people had the attention to offer us fruit, or ices, or creams, or chocolate, although we were near four hours in the house and gardens. I was much struck and hurt at the omission of what would have been offered in almost every nobleman's and gentleman's house in the kingdom. The Prince was at home, but did not appear. D'Eon's friends will tell this in France not to our advantage, and they will repeat with a sneer the famous words of Lord Bolingbroke, "*c'est une famille si bourgeoise, que le trône même ne la peut annoblir.*" It is however chiefly the fault of Weltje*.

* Whatsoever other charge, justly or unjustly, be whispered against the noble personage alluded to, that he possesses "*l'esprit bourgeois*," is that which can be made with least foundation.—EDIT.

Tattersall yesterday advertised all the Prince's horses, not only race-horses, but coach-horses, saddle-horses, &c. &c.

Cagliostro lodges in Sloane Street, Brompton, at Swinton's, the author of the *Courier de l'Europe*. I have not yet seen him. Count Nesselrod is here in his way to Petersburg, but stays a month or six weeks. The Countess is dead, and has left him only one boy. I am sorry to have lost her, and what is more, so is he.

Many thanks for your two letters of the 4th and 6th, which I received together, and I sent yours to Mrs. Cosway. I understand that the Duke of Orleans comes to Brighthelmstone races, without coming to London, and that immediately on his return Mr. and Mrs. Cosway make a short tour to Paris; but I will soon let you know more. Mrs. ——— is very indiscreet, and therefore I rejoice

at the delay of her coming to France, not being interested about Mrs. Susan : some of my friends looked grave at all her talk of the *idle boy minister*—and even her husband. I have once seen Mr. Paice in a great hurry at Guildhall. He came to recommend a Hannah Noaks, a widow of sixty-nine, a second cousin of Sir Isaac Newton's, to the vacancy in Lady Dacre's alms-houses. He is well.

I am very glad that you paid your compliments to the Maréchal de Biron, a great character, and the true pride of nobility, seeking to do generous, splendid actions. He stands almost alone in this respect in our age.

I have read Cagliostro's *Memoire contre Mad. Chesnon, et le Sieur de Launay*; and I think it the clearest, the most convincing, and best-drawn piece, which has appeared since the beginning of the

Collier business. I should be glad to have the answers of Chesnon and De Launay, if any appear. I shall think Cagliostro an idiot, if he returns to France, after the last *Memoire*.

I regaled *Miss* Smith and Mrs. Gordon, each with a good bason of turtle.

The servants all behave well, and are very orderly. They desire their duty.

I beg the favour of you to purchase for me a couple of small groups of the *Sève* biscuit. The subjects I leave to you, and should be glad that you would have them packed separately, and bring them with you, and let them take their chance at Dover. I wish likewise for the best collection of French maps. I do not limit the price, but desire they may not exceed one volume in 4to. Dornford is to be a candidate to-day for the vacant sheriffalty.

I can give you a bon mot of a servant-

maid still better than “*les épreuves avant la lettre.*” The Conway lately married, looking out for a ready-furnished house, saw a pretty servant-maid, whom he asked, “if she was to be let too, as well as the house?”—She answered, “No, Sir, I am to be let alone.” Whichever way you construe it, I never heard a truer piece of wit. Mackintosh’s book is unknown to me.

LETTER XLVI.

Prince’s Court,
Friday, July 14, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YESTERDAY I received the favour of your letter of the 10th, and I am not a little concerned at the indisposition of the good Dutchess, on both

your accounts. These frequent returns are not a little alarming at her advanced age.

The whole conversation here turns on the late extraordinary measure of the P—— of W——. The letter to him is said to be very strong, and to have originated from a loss at Brookes's. I hate affectation ; why then is Tattersall to advertise coach-horses, saddle, and hacks? The Newmarket stud, it is very proper, should be given up. A prince, no less than a private nobleman or gentleman, may be ruined there; but it is meant to have coach-horses, saddle-horses, &c. I would not tax the people 30,000*l.* a year, to divide among the black-legs at Newmarket, nor vote a subsidy of 50,000*l.* for the sharpers at Brookes's, but I would maintain the Heir Apparent in splendour and dignity. The step of the P—— has made no

great sensation. Patrick Cawdron and his man were in possession at C—— House, under an execution for 600*l*. The possession continued for two days. The P—— stormed and swore, though, as the man owned, more from vexation than anger. Colonel L—— threatened to throw Cawdron's man out of the window. Cawdron said, that he acted according to law, and the man should stay; the man was threatened ineffectually with having his bones broke, &c. &c. At length a Mr. J-nn-ngs was sent for; and at last, on the P—— and Mr. J-nn-ngs giving their honour that the money should be paid in three days, the man was withdrawn. The money is paid. The man courted the blows and the breaking his bones, declaring that then his fortune would be made, like the man in Molière, “ A few more strokes, Sir, for my large family—a few more, Sir, for

my dear wife, who is big with child." What a subject for caricature!—What a lesson for the P——! What vigour and energy in our laws!—To a Dauphin, or a Prince of Asturias, such an event was impossible. The P—— of W——, Cawdron, Colonel L——, J-nn-ngs, and a bailiff's follower: what a noble group! Cawdron himself gave me the account.

Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne, and Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, intend setting out for Paris on Sunday.

Mr. Aubery has had three fits within the week.

I remember the excellence of the statues in the gardens at Versailles, and particularly those of the Bains d'Apollon, and they have done well to preserve them.

Mr. Molliner has given me a fine chicken turtle, on which, dressed at the London Tavern, venison, &c. I regale

Monsieur Barthelemi, and the Counts of Woronzow and Nesselrod, at Kensington Gore, and the servants from Prince's Court to attend.

Mrs. Swinburne and the little folks have been here since I wrote the above, and Mr. Swinburne followed them. The party continues fixed for Sunday. Mr. S. dines with me to-morrow at Kensington Gore.

Adieu!

LETTER XLVII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, July 18, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

MR. and Mrs. Cosway set out on Sunday for Brighthelmstone, in their way to Paris, but I suspect very much that the Prince will not permit them to embark very soon, and especially as I understand that Mr. Cosway has some things in hand to be finished before his departure. Among the rest I hear of the Prince's picture for the Dutchess de la Valliere. Mrs. Cosway has taken charge of the smelling-bottle, which you desired:—she is truly amiable, and attaches her friends more and more by her virtues and graces. Mr. and Mrs.

Swinburne are detained here by the business which they have to transact with Government. Mr. Sw. dined with me last Saturday at Kensington Gore, with Monsieur Barthelemi, and the Counts of Woronzow and Nesselrod. I gave them the chicken turtle, dressed at the London Tavern, a haunch of venison, &c. and was served by James and Samuel from Prince's Court, who behave very well. The day passed very cheerfully, and they all expressed themselves highly delighted. Count de Woronzow is the best Russian I have known, a gentleman and man of parts.

Yesterday I received yours of the 13th, and before one, but I have not the parcel by Lord Northington's servant. Mrs. M—— has sent a letter here for you, and says, she is ashamed that she did not write sooner. I believe that fa-

mily are still quarrelling in every branch of it, for which I am much concerned.

Mr. ———, thank God, goes to Leicestershire on Wednesday, till the end of September. He is worse than ever. Last Sunday he came to Kensington Gore, at twelve, to be ready for dinner at four. He robs me of that, which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed!—He is worse than the dog-star; but both together overpower.

Mr. Rigby has just sent me a fine haunch of venison, which I wish I could transfer to you at Paris.

Mr. ——— lost his election for Sheriff, and Alderman Le Mesurier is chosen with Mr. Higgins. I believe the plan was to have had Tomlins Under-sheriff. He is much hurt on the occasion.

I cannot bring myself to believe a syllable of the *bonne foi de part et d'autre*, as to the projected treaty of

commerce*. I doubt it on both sides, from the over-reaching principle of all trade and commerce. Good faith and sincerity have not hitherto been the distinguishing virtues of our neighbours.

Adieu!

* The quotation of the late Lord Mansfield (i.e. Lord Stormont) on this subject, is well known:

“Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.”

The event however did justice to Mr. Pitt's sagacity, as well as to his sincerity.—EDIT.

LETTER XLVIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, July 21, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE at last recovered all the things which you sent by Lord Northington's servant. He very idly went into the country, and only on his return was I able to recover the parcel by sending to St. James's Place. It is however come very well, and I thank you for your care. Yesterday in the afternoon I received your letter, dated the 16th, and the parcel by the diligence, containing the *Arrêt du Parlement*, *Mercure*, &c.

I saw Mr. Swinburne yesterday, and from delays in the law part of Administration, he has again put off his journey,

nor can he yet fix a day, to the real grief of Madame ——. I fear the Dutchess will not receive the *egg-grotto* by her birthday, and therefore the prints may be the succedaneum. Mrs. S. has likewise a parcel for you, containing a letter from Mrs. Molineux, of no consequence, she says; one to me from Mr. Paice, about your late tenant in Red Lion Court, and what is worth them both, the Trial of Jack Townsend for Crim. Con. with Mrs. Fawkener, the Duke of Devonshire's evidence on the occasion, &c. &c. I could not take the *egg-grotto*, nor the *parcel*, from Mrs. Sw. and she did not offer to return them, as she should have done in the uncertain state of her journey.

I send you by the diligence, the genuine trial of Fitzgerald, Brecknock, &c. one of the wonderful events of this age; and a letter, which Mrs. Gordon

has just sent here for you from Byfleet. To-morrow I dine in Harley Street with Count Woronzow, and I suppose Count Nesselrod, Monsieur Barthelemi, &c.

I wish you to state to the Dutchess the cause of the delay about the *egg-grotto*. In a post or two I mean to send her an excellent print of the Prince of Wales, on satin. It will go in a letter.

The wise-acres of the City have ordered the 15,000*l.* of the Bridge-house cash, which was not a month ago laid out in stock, to be replaced in the Chamberlain's hands, by the sale of this very stock, on account of the building the Compters, an event which I foresaw and foretold, but claim little sagacity by the prophecy.

I am glad that you were so well entertained at Livry.

Adieu !

LETTER XLIX.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, July 25, 1786.

I RECEIVED yesterday, my dearest Polly, your letter of the 20th instant, and a parcel by the diligence, containing two *Mercures*, the *Leiden Gazettes*, &c. &c.; and I hope the same day you had the parcel of *Fitzgerald's Trial and Life*, and the letter from *Byfleet*.

I passed an agreeable day with Count *Woronzow*, *Monsieur Barthelemi*, and most of the foreign ministers. He lives in a great style, and every thing passes in the most perfect order, and with great ease. I am much pleased with his society, and of all the Russians him only I admire. *D'Eon* was with us. The Count does not confirm every part of

the Chevalière's account of her transactions in Russia, and denies her ever having been *femme de chambre* to the Empress Elizabeth.

I shall be very glad to see Madame de Warens's justification.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings are just come to town on business. I saw them for a moment at Mrs. Motte's. She looks ill, and complains much. They inquired very affectionately after you. I met George Pitt yesterday, just alighting from his horse at Carlton House, where he was to dine with the Prince of Wales, who came from Brighthelmstone for the day. Mr. Barthelemi had no commissions from France for any of his stud. I greatly admire the propriety of conduct in Louis XVI. during his stay at Cherbourg, but I wish that he had never taken the journey.

I desire you to assure the good Dut-

chess of the joy I feel by anticipation for the return of her fête next Friday, and that she has no Gallic friend more sincere or more zealous than myself on the occasion. I shall be happy to hear that she has recovered from the natural fatigues of such a day.

The wind has for many days been north and east, and colds very frequent. The number of burials here increased last week 176. I wish for a neat map of the environs of Paris, for three or four leagues only. Is Mrs. Cosway arrived, and where do they lodge? The French, I believe, will admire her.

Adieu, my dear daughter.

LETTER L.

Prince's Court,
Friday, July 28, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

A VARIETY of reasons make me wish this day passed, and the Dutchess's delicate state of health not affected by all the tumult and trouble of such a fête.—I received your letter of the 23d, and to-morrow I am to see your coachman, and will give directions about his livery and frock. He comes here regularly, but I have not seen him, even by chance.

I send the Dutchess by this post a beautiful print of the Prince, which I had struck off on satin, and is, I think, a very good likeness of him. It is said that all the best horses were bought in at Tattersall's, except the racers.

I am glad that the Cosways are arrived, and desire to be particularly remembered to them. The Swinburnes are gone to Hampton Court, and have fixed no day even for their return to London.

I admire the propriety of the Duke d'Uzès's remark.—Mr. Fox disclaims the most distant knowledge, or suspicion, of the late step taken by the Prince. He says, it was done by the Prince immediately on receiving the King's letter, without consulting any person.—The Prince's friends say, that 110,000*l.* the arrears of the revenue of Cornwall during his minority, are owing to the Prince. Lord Loughborough, and other great men, are cited as legal authorities on this occasion. Lord Mansfield is reported to be gone into opposition, and to countenance the doctrine.

Hannah has looked every where in the

closet which you mention, and cannot find the lace for the coachman's hat.

I saw Mrs. Smith yesterday in perfect health, but complaining of the sultry weather.—London is more deserted than I remember. Weymouth is I believe the favourite watering-place of the year.

Adieu !

LETTER LI.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Aug. 4, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE robbery of the French mail last Monday near Canterbury makes me uncertain as to the plan of your return, and I wait with much impatience

for all the particulars. I received your letter of July 27 by the post, and the little billet of July 28 by the diligence. I rejoice that your French tour is drawing to an end, and I shall be most happy to receive you in Prince's Court. Hannah and James shall attend your orders.

The conversation of this capital turns now from the Prince to the King, on the wicked attempt of Wednesday; but as I can give you no other particulars than what you will read in the papers, I shall not dwell on a subject so full of horror, not in the manners of this people, although so frequent among our polite neighbours. The Common Council address on this occasion next Tuesday, and I shall give the Lord Mayor something, which I have prepared on the subject.

Mrs. Swinburne was here yesterday, and expects to have the ministerial business settled to-morrow, and in a day or

two after to set out for Paris by the way of Brighthelmstone. All this however depends on the pleasure of Mr. Attorney General.

Margaret Nicholson it is now supposed will be arraigned at the Old Bailey on the 30th instant. The counsel will of course plead her being insane. That fact will be tried by a jury, and if established, she will be confined for life, not executed, as Damien was, and ought not to have been. The summons to the Common Council express, “to congratulate his Majesty upon his providential escape, in the late wicked attempt against his Majesty’s life.”

I am quite charmed with the two prints of Regnault, and wish for any others in the same style. I beg you to bring with you the last edition in 12mo. of “*Abbé de Lisle’s translation of Virgil’s Georgics,*” and “*the 29th and 30th*

volumes of *Abbé Garnier's Histoire de France, commencée par Velli & Villaret, in 12mo.*" chez Nyon, libraire, rue du Jardinnet, which costs six livres, and four bottles of the Dutchess's *Fleurs d'Orange*, which I desire you to pay the Maitre d'Hotel for. They will be allowed you as stores at Dover.

I saw yesterday on a door in Sloane Street between Brompton and Kensington, *Comte de Cagliostro, No. 4*, and *No. 5* is Mr. Swinton.—There are letters in town, which mention Mrs. H-yl-y's being lately married to a Patrick J.-ffr—, one of the raw-boned Milesian race I suppose, at which —— is outrageous, as he says her fortune ought to have come to I——'s and his children. Marshal Richelieu's song is a model of gaiety; I have lent it to Mrs. Swinburne. I sent James with the letter to Lady L. H.

Mr. Paice gives me good news about your Red Lion Court house, which he intended to write to you by this post.

Mrs. Gordon wrote at my desire for a house near Windsor till October; but as your return will be protracted beyond what I imagined, and the period of your return the last tour, as well as from the uncertainty of the time, I have deserted the idea, and have no plan for my holidays, which expire on the 4th of September, and will probably pass in Kensington Gardens, or the Parks, or in the environs of the metropolis. It is intended that the Parliament shall meet on Tuesday, the 21st of November, and I believe that I shall not be the least active Member in the next session.

Captain Montgomery has lost his daughter. He is at present very ill. The season has been very sickly. I am recovering from a violent cold and fever,

of which I complain only to Mr. ———, keep my hair well dressed and powdered, not putting on my hat, and then of course I am complimented on the appearance of health, even youth, &c. Temperance, and moderate exercise, are my only doctors during this rage of Sirius.

Mrs. Swinburne has just sent the enclosed, which she desires may be immediately forwarded to you.

I rejoice that you have escaped all the sickly influences of the season, and hope that you will bring back to Prince's Court a long-lasting stock of health and spirits.

Adieu !

LETTER LII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Aug. 8, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HEARTILY rejoice that the fête of the good Dutchess is past. It passed as I expected, very magnificent and very melancholy, nor could it be otherwise when the guardian angel was ill and absent from the festive tables. The state of her health for the last three months, and twenty other reasons, will confirm to me, that any strong *presentiment* is founded, whence arisen I know not, but always to be attended to, as Socrates did to the whispers of his good genius. With all these ideas, I am certainly the least superstitious of men, but I never did neglect any such inward warnings of futurity.

I send you by the diligence three new caricatures respecting the P., two of which are very good, " Lord North smelling, &c. &c." and a letter of Hutton.

Hannah and James I suppose you intend should set out together, and I shall send them in the Dover diligence, and advance five guineas to each of them; but I suppose you will give directions to Hannah to pass the water to Calais.

As to the Sève groups, as the price is so much beyond my ideas, I wish only for one, and the price of that not to exceed six Louis. If no group pleases you at that price, then I shall be content with a single figure, or two, for that sum. Be so good likewise to buy me a Sève *veilleuse*, for about two Louis.

The coachman has his new frock, but nothing else yet, as we can find no lace.

I wish you to bring two of the best French wax-candles as a specimen ; and if any body at Paris would undertake to deliver a good quantity at Prince's Court without any risk or trouble, I should not hesitate giving a very good price.

I should be glad of any new prints of Rigaud in the style of the two last. When Sir Joshua Reynolds was at Kensington Gore, he was much pleased with those the Baron de Castille gave me. As he is at Paris, he might purchase them before your return.

I have read the "*Mémoires de Madame de Warens, et de Claude Aret,*" and think them wretched, unentertaining nonsense. If the picture prefixed is like her, I am sure Rousseau has told the truth. Did the print of the Prince arrive undamaged, and how much was the postage charged ?

You will be remembered the 16th,

although you pass *that* day in France.—
 I am much oppressed by the suffocating
 heat of the dog-days, but rather better.
 Adieu!

LETTER LIII.

Prince's Court,
 Friday, Aug. 11, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM very glad that this is the last opportunity of my writing in consequence of what you mention, that you shall set out from Paris next Thursday, the 17th instant. I rejoice that the weather seems at last settled, and I have now only to wish for prosperous winds to waft you over to your native country,

and a good journey to Prince's Court. The days are now of so good a duration, that I hope no consideration will induce you to travel in the dark, and, if you find yourself greatly fatigued, it would be prudent to rest a day or two at Dover.

Mrs. Swinburne was here yesterday, and cannot fix any time for her departure.

If you are not too much hurried, I beg you to purchase for me the two maps in the printed paper enclosed.

Hannah has received your letter, and I shall send her and James to Dover next Tuesday morning, the 15th, and direct her to get to Calais with all convenient expedition. I have taken so much trouble about the *egg-grotto*, and do not wish to chagrin Mrs. Swinburne, that I do not approve sending it by a servant, and cannot trust it but in hands on which I can rely, for dexterity as well as

safety, or it may become another pretty piece of contrebande. It is besides now a matter of indifference when the Dutchess receives it, the fête being over.

If you can contrive six bottles only of the Dutchess's ratafia, and four of the Baron's vin muscat, to take with you to Calais, and leave at Guyon's to come over by a private hand, I should be much pleased, and be so good to thank in my name the generous donors.

Many thanks for the three prints. The *Bain* and *Lever* of Regnaud I had before, the present framed of the Baron.

I am just returned from St. James's, where the City has been graciously received. There is only one new Knight, Sir Benjamin Hammett. The Address was not my composition. Mr. Harley attended.

Adieu, ma chère fille, bon voyage.

Chez Dezauche, rue des Noyers.—
Carte Topographique du Diocèse de Coutances en quatre feuilles, avec les Isles de Jersey, Grenesey, Cers et Aurigny. Les Rochers et Ecueils qui bordent cette Côte ; et les Travaux qui constituent le nouveau Port de Cherbourg, avec une Explication qui y est relative, 5 livres.

Nouvelle Carte l'Evêché et Principauté de Liege, avec les Pays qui l'avoisinent. Dréssée en 1785, par Dezauche, 1 livre 10 sous.

LETTER LIV.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, August 15, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD the pleasure of your letter of the 10th yesterday, and answer it by Hannah, as you desire. She and James are to set out in the mail diligence this evening at seven for Dover, and will be there to-morrow morning at seven. I paid two guineas for their places, and they have five guineas each besides.

I have not seen or heard of Mr. Rotch since, who is, I believe, in London.

To-morrow the freeholders of Middlesex meet to address. Yesterday I dined with many of them in great har-

mony at the annual buck-feast in Enfield.

I shall be very curious to see Monsieur le Comte de Morangies's Memoire. The case of the brother and sister is very common in France, when known to both parties : in this case it was not known to either. Such a depravity of manners is not suspected in England.

I thank you for the Life of Voltaire, which I read two months ago. I wrote to you about the passages respecting Madame Genlis. It was a large 8vo. which I read, and still have. The author is, as I hear, Dom Cawdron, a Benedictine monk.

I have seen Mrs. S——— again to-day, and she says, that now she only waits the engrossing and the signature ; but I suspect you will find her in Blenheim Street at your return.

Little laughing Guyot dines tête-à-tête with me to-day. The Gordons are both rusticated.

I have now only to wish you a lucky passage, and a good journey to Prince's Court, and to an affectionate father.

Adieu!



LETTER LV.

Kensington Gore,
Sunday, July 6, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE suffered perhaps still more than you from the pain in your stomach. I am particularly uneasy that

it has continued so long, but I hope you can now send me the good news, that it has entirely left you, and I shall then eat my Sunday's dinner in comfort. I beg you not to indulge in any fruit for a day or two. To-morrow morning I shall come in person, and give you all my medical advice, as a disciple of Leyden.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille,

LETTER LVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Sept. 14th, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ARRIVED here yesterday afternoon at three after a lucky passage of an hour and five minutes. There was very little wind, and that quite adverse. I therefore hired for 4s. 6d. a wherry with two oars, not larger than a Thames boat, and committed myself to our English deity, old Neptune, who favourably heard my prayers. The opposition of a little wind to the tide at high water made the beginning of this long voyage rather rough ; the rest was exceedingly pleasant.

The preceding evening I lay at Lip-

hook, and directed Mrs. Keen to send you this week a fine goose, and a brace of partridges.

I rode a Welsh poney from Ride to the cottage, and found myself benefited by the exercise.

The road from Guildford quite to Portsmouth is really enchanting. But I wanted you to enjoy with me these glorious scenes of nature. I hope however that the quiet of your present situation has chased away your feveret, and restored you to sweet sleep, nature's best nurse. Pray send me such welcome news.

Methinks I have still before me the wonders of yesterday.

Ever charming, ever new,
 The landscape never tires the view,
 The verdant meads, the river's flow,
 The woody vallies warm and low,

The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky;
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
 The naked rock, the shady bower,
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm. }

See on the mountain's southern side, }
 Where the prospect opens wide, }
 Where the ev'ning gilds the tide, }
 How close and small the hedges lie !
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream :
 So little distant dangers seem ;
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass ;
 As yon' summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
 Still we tread the same coarse way ;
 The present's still a cloudy day.

Trusty sends his duty. He improves
 every day in stature, and a little in fa-
 vour.

Adieu, my dearest Polly ; continue to love me.

Lady Oglander left the enclosed card here on Friday..

LETTER LVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RETURN you Heath's begging book and letter, of whom I never heard, nor do I believe the signature of *Adair* to be the hand-writing of the Recorder.

I thank you for your letter of Saturday. I am happy that your health so much improves, and hope that you give it every attention.

The *insurance* does not expire till fifteen days after Michaelmas, so that I shall return in full time to regulate that business, both for you and myself.

I shall rejoice when I hear that you have favourable accounts of your truly good and amiable Dutchess, who acts to win all hearts, and attach them warmly to her.

My great complaint is better. I have drank very little wine, and scarce any coffee. My breakfast is now tea and bread and butter.

I think the exercise of riding agrees with me. *Ride* has been my most distant excursion.

Adieu, my dearest daughter, and believe me always very tenderly yours.

LETTER LVIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, Sept. 18, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM so oppressed with one of my crying colds, that I can scarcely see to thank you for your letter of Monday, and the French Bulletins which I shall return you to-morrow.

I rejoice to hear that your walks have been so beneficial to your health, and I beg you to continue them.

We have had a good deal of rain, and two storms at south and south-west, but the new room is unhurt, and was farther secured the last week by four strong posts, and cables as large as those of a man of war.

My feathered family are all well, and

have regained their liberty ; but there is a Muley Ismael, who tyrannizes over them all, in a rude marital manner.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Sept. 21, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

WE have had a hurricane and a deluge of rain for the last eight-and-forty hours, which has delayed the post from coming to this corner of the world since Tuesday. You may judge of my impatience to hear of your health, and my alarms for you in such weather.

I nursed my cold so carefully, that it left me at a rather shorter period than usual, but was more violent, while it lasted.

“ And is it fix’d in the decrees above,
That lofty Albion melt into the main ?”

says Armstrong.

If this weather continues, I shall be obliged to hire a vessel, embark on board in this bay, and sail for the Thames, or I shall not be able to dine with you, as I hope, next Sunday.

The only news I have is that of a country post, that the peacock and hen are become so tame as to roost with the other fowls, and to eat bread in a morning under the parlour window.

My old friend General Rochfort, Colonel Hill, &c. &c. send you many compliments.

Good morrow, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LX.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, Sept. 22, 1798.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE post of this day has been very propitious to me. It brought me the most pleasing news of the improvement in your health, and the agreeable circumstance of a rise in the jointure estate in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, without the least hardship on the tenants. I congratulate you upon it. I smiled on casting up the advance, which is exactly 45*l.* a year. I enclose you the papers from James Lee, to whom I write by this post.

I have already directed shutters to be

made to your bedchamber. If you had given the least hint of it, while you were here, Tayler's people had finished them in two days, and you would not have suffered the inconvenience you mention. There will likewise be curtains to the windows.

Your letter to Mrs. Hill at St. Boniface is dispatched.

It rained incessantly all yesterday, but to-day the sun shines, although very waterily.

I ride every other day, but never more than eight or ten miles.

Colonel Hill says, that Sir Richard Worsley poisons the air of St. Boniface by smoking there his Greek tobacco. I have not seen the Baronet since my return. I understand that he is gone to Mr. Worsley.

I leave this island on Saturday morn-

ing, and hope to dine with my dearest daughter next Sunday, and to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing her perfectly recovered.

Adieu !

LETTER LXI.

Thursday, Sept. 25, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD the favour yesterday of yours of Monday. It is great satisfaction to me that your health improves daily, and I hope to see you on Sunday without the *morbidezza* look, which has of late prevailed over your delicate features.

This day is fine, and the country people prognosticate good weather for some days to come.

I have ordered my chaise from Ride for Saturday morning at eight, and propose to lie at Liphook, and to dine with my dearest daughter in Prince's Court on Sunday between three and four.

I wrote to Monsieur Barthélemi, and enclosed him Mr. Paice's pamphlet.

The journey you mention to Lisle is among the comicalities of life.

I continue to get on horseback most days, but my excursion to Ride on Saturday will finish my promenades *à cheval*. for this year.

My tenderest love to *Mademoiselle d'Eythorn*.

Adieu !

LETTER LXII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Nov. 7, 1788.—Three.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED to-day a little before two a *Mercure*, four *Journaux*, and a *Bulletin*. I enclose you the *Bulletin*. The rest contain nothing interesting.

I trust that this will arrive in time, and just at the moment of your embarking with a favourable wind, for which I have formed more than wishes.

Let me know all your own commissions, and those of your French friends. I shall have a pleasure in executing them with a punctuality equal to your own, and I am sure nothing can exceed that. Servants are not to be trusted.

I desire my compliments to Mr. Fec-
tor, and his very ingenious son.

The number of the *Mercure* is 44. I
shall lay the *Mercur*es all carefully by
for your return.

The weather continues remarkably fine.
It is indeed a beautiful day, and I hope
for a suite of such for some time, and
propitious gales for my beloved daughter.

Adieu, et bon voyage, ma chère petite.

LETTER LXIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Nov. 14, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM happy that I can send you a favourable account of the King's illness. His Majesty is much better in every respect, and has enjoyed several hours quiet rest, not agitated, nor at intervals broken and interrupted, but continued and refreshing. There have been happy intervals of returning recollection, and at three this morning strong hopes were entertained of a perfect recovery.

Sills, his fishmonger, told me that yesterday he sent to Windsor two chicken turbot, of which the King is remarkably fond, and that they were approved and relished.

I was glad that your naval expedition ended so happily on Tuesday morning. I received your letter from Dover of Monday night, on Wednesday morning, and from Calais, of Tuesday morning, yesterday.

Betty and James arrived here at eight this morning, and brought me the pleasing confirmation of your good health and spirits. I like the circumstance of your approving the two new French servants, as it will make your journey to Paris so comfortable.

I have nothing to add about the house in Grosvenor Square till I hear again from Mr. Price. A very dishonourable transaction of ——'s is come out about *little H—— House*; but if he can clear his title, I shall proceed according to the plan, taking every possible precaution.

Colonel Gordon is much out of order, and Mrs. Gordon has a very bad cold.

The Chamberlain is tolerably well.

Adieu !

It is intended that Parliament should meet on Thursday next, and immediately adjourn.

LETTER LXIV.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1788.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

I HAVE nothing interesting to send you by this post. I am assured that the King is better, but his disorder seems very obstinate, and no physician ventures yet to promise his recovery, so that every thing remains in obscurity.

We have letters to attend the meeting of Parliament on Thursday, but they all mention the circumstance of the King's not being able to prorogue the Parliament before that time, and say nothing more.

It is believed that the friends of the Ministers will have a private meeting to-morrow.

L— called at Kensington Gore on Sunday, but I would not see him, as I have not yet the result of Mr. Price's inquiries. He left word, that he wondered I had not yet begun on the house in Grosvenor Square, and that he would call in Prince's Court on Tuesday or Wednesday.

Mr. Davidson is just arrived. He sent me six more grouse, but they are not yet come to hand.

I have seen Hutton but once since you left Prince's Court.

Your account of Betty and James was so favourable, that I have rewarded them both for their dutiful conduct to my daughter.

I am most impatient to hear of your safe arrival under the roof of the excellent Dutchess, at whose feet I beg you to lay me, and to say a thousand respectful things in my name to the Dutchess de Chatillon, and to the Princess de Tarente.

Adieu !

LETTER LXV.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Nov. 21, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE not a syllable from you at Paris to this hour, which fills me with anxiety. Yesterday only I received your second letter from Calais, which came by the post. It was dated, like the former, Nov. 11th.

I sent you on Tuesday the Bulletin of ten that morning. The state of the King's health continues much the same, but he sleeps more, without being refreshed by it.

I was yesterday at the House of Commons. Mr. Pitt spoke with much dignity and grace.

The two Houses were unanimous to adjourn for a fortnight, and to order a call for Dec. 4th, just fourteen days.

I took possession of my new office as Chamberlain last Tuesday, and I pay the tribute of a vile cold to my rashness.

I hope your land journey has been attended with no inconvenience.

The Colonel is recovered, and Mrs. Gordon rather better. They both send you many compliments.

The papers are accurate about the proceedings of yesterday. I suppose you see them, and therefore I transcribe nothing.

Mr. Hastings has been attacked with a violent fever, owing, it is said, to bathing in the sea at Weymouth; but he is much better, and comes to town on Monday.

George Selwyn has promised me a

coloured print of Madame *Seigné's* chateau and gardens. He is going on with a print of those of *Grignan*.

Adieu !

LETTER LXVI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YESTERDAY was a most propitious day. In the morning Mr. Swinburne brought me a letter from you, with a parcel, and at night I had another by the common post. The first was dated Nov. 17, the other Nov. 16. I was relieved from the infinite anxiety I

have suffered since the account of your arrival at Calais.

Accept my best thanks for the waistcoat, which is very elegant. I have already sent it to Marsellis to be made up, that I may figure away in it, at the next meeting of the Royal Society, at the Monday dinner.

The King is better. There are intervals of returning recollection, and freedom from fever. A Captain *Manners* was mentioned. His Majesty said, "Let him come in, he is not only *Manners*, but *good Manners*." A looking-glass in a pier between two windows had been covered with green cloth, to prevent the King's seeing how greatly he was emaciated. The King asked the reason of the green cloth being put there. The answer was, To prevent the reflection of too much light. His Majesty said, "How can that be, when it is from the light?" It is talked

that he will soon remove to Kew, and from thence to the Queen's House. The Prince is assiduous in his attendance.

I am happy to hear of your kind reception by the Dutchess, and all her family. I could not doubt it, for it is highly merited. I partake of all the joy that noble family must experience from the late events.

I shall keep the D.'s letter till your return.

I shall not communicate any of yours, nor the enclosures, unless on public topics, and ostensible.

I do not yet quite despair about the title to the Grosvenor Square house being made out, although it is highly improbable.

My kitchen was so noisy the last week, that I have put all my servants at board-wages, at half a guinea per week each, since last Saturday; and now a per-

fect calm reigns below'. I bid the cook tell the coachman of this new regulation. I have sent you by Guyon a letter from Mrs. Hill of the Isle of Wight, a new Calendar, *Almanack*, &c.

I received of the *Mercures* to No. 46, and of the *Journaux* to No. 322, both inclusive.

Mrs. Swinburne expected to become once more a mother in the course of the last night. I have sent a hen-pheasant to Blenheim Street for her, if that event has not yet happened, and if it has, for Mr. Swinburne, for *having done his duty*. He is very social, and infinitely amiable.

The Lord Mayor by my advice has suppressed the *Boxing Academy* in Chapel Court, and kept my secret.

No account yet from Windsor, signed by the Physicians.

Mrs. Swinburne has just now another girl.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Nov. 28, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

WE all continue in the same state of anxiety respecting the King's health. His strength continues the same, and he as usual eats plain and simple food, with a tolerable appetite. There have been many gleams of returning self-command, and flattering hopes are entertained of a perfect, although not a very speedy, recovery.

The political caballing is as great as I remember at any time. The text is a *regent*, or a *regency*. The City seem very decidedly for the latter. Mr. Malone says the chances are three to one for F. I believe them to be three to two

for P.'s plan. You may guess what that is. All the monied property, and most of the landed, are for the latter. As the enclosures cost so little, I enclose two or three more.

The postman has just enriched me with two letters of yours of the 19th and 22d, and I have two likewise from the two Dutchesses. I feel as I ought their attention in answering me so soon, and I beg you to let them know it. They are both models of taste, ease, and elegance.

The Dutchess de la Valliere presses in such very obliging terms your staying till after the *chandeleur*, that it is impossible for me not to acquiesce. I observe that it happens on the 2d of February, and the full moon on the 10th. The *chandeleur* is on Tuesday ; so that if you leave Paris towards the end of

that week, you will have the benefit of moonlight for your voyage and journey.

I am delighted with your description of your apartments at the Dutchess's.

As to Leguillon, I will trouble you to call on him at your return to Calais.

I shall execute all your commissions next week, and will write to Mr. Paice, although I run the risk of a folio page quite full in return.

I send you two most extraordinary prints, for which the P.'s solicitor is prosecuting Fores, three letters, and an almanack. The next week I shall send you a *Court Calendar*; but from the particular nature of what I have sent, I thought it best not to swell this parcel.

I paid last week your taxes for the coach, &c. amounting to 4*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* which will go into our little account.

Did you see the Dutchess de Chastillon's letter? If you did not, shall I send

you a copy of it? It is well worth transcribing.

Father H-tton is dreadfully attacked in the papers, and his *confessions*, &c.

I gratify your *pious* wishes about the prayers. Ours I think the worst, and the Irish the best.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM glad that our Sovereign, as well as our other friends, has survived the last month, so fatal to Englishmen. You may be assured that his health is

rather better, and the removal to Kew has been attended with no bad consequence. I believe it is not yet settled, at least it has not transpired, what Parliament is to do on Thursday. I rather incline to think that it will be another short prorogation.

I have just received the favour of your letter to the 27th inclusive, and the same post has brought one to Betty. I shall be impatient to hear that you have the prints I sent by Guyon. Thursday's diligence will bring you some more curiosities; and you will of course examine the inside of the books, pamphlets, &c.

I received to-day No. 47 of the *Mer-cure de France*, and Nos. 323 and Supplement, 324, 325, 326, and 327 of the *Journal de Paris*, and the pamphlet.

I am much alarmed at the state of the good Dutchess's health. Such a disorder at so advanced a period of life is very

threatening, and the more under bad management.

I hope the second son of my good old friend Baron d'H-lb-ch will compensate to that worthy family for all the deficiencies of the eldest.

I am very much the humble servant of the Prince de la Tremoille, of Monsieur Dalain, and of all who do me the honour to inquire after me.

The Gordons are well, and invited me to dinner on Wednesday, but I am engaged. He dined here last week. I have not yet been able to see *Miss Smith*.

I wish you to mention what you paid for the last letter, with the many enclosures.

“ Kew House, Dec. 2, 1788.

“ His Majesty has had some sleep at intervals; the disorder still continues, with some little abatement.

“ G. BAKER.

“ L. PEPYS.”

LETTER LXIX.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Dec. 6, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ATTENDED on Wednesday night at the Cockpit in consequence of a formal letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The attendance was very numerous. Mr. Pitt only observed that nothing new had occurred in the state of the King's health, that the Privy Council had examined the Physicians on oath, that the questions and answers would be laid before Parliament, that he meant to move an adjournment to Monday, and the call of the House to be adjourned till Thursday fortnight.

Yesterday the House of Commons met: near 400 Members attended. Mr.

Pitt presented the report of the Physicians, and moved that it lie on the table, for the House to proceed upon next Monday. Mr. Vyner wished, for the dignity of the House, that an examination might be instituted by them. Mr. Pitt replied, that *that* was a future consideration, for Monday. Perhaps the examination before us might be satisfactory, it was taken *on oath* before the Privy Council: the House of Commons could not administer an oath, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Fox was there, looked extremely ill, spoke short, but approved the adjournment to Monday.

Sh. is said to be the great favourite of the Pr.

L— referred us to Mr. — of Queen Square, who had that house of him. H. speaks of him as a ——— —, and Seddons shook his head, when I mentioned him, and said he had heard more

than he chose to repeat. Price reduced his objections to writing, and has not yet an answer to one of them. I much fear the present scheme cannot succeed, but I shall be ready to adopt another on your return. I hear Lord Carmarthen's house is to be disposed of. I have an agent employed for that purpose.

Since I wrote the above, ——— has been here, and insists on the excellence of his title. I asked why his lawyer ——— had not answered any of the queries Mr. Price gave him in writing. He did not know. I said I would do nothing, till my lawyer assured me that I was safe. The call of the House was adjourned only till next Thursday, but it is supposed that it will then be postponed again.

I have finished all my Chamberlain's business to my satisfaction, and to-morrow morning I set out for the Isle of

Wight. The office does not open till the Tuesday after Plough Monday, which is January 12. My stay in the Isle of Wight will depend entirely on my health, the weather, &c. &c. &c. I shall write regularly to my dearest daughter, and hope to hear as regularly from her, with all the allowances of two sea voyages for the letters, and double carriage by land.

I have been myself at Kirkup's. He has no scissars under a guinea per pair, but expects such as you mention in two or three days, and likewise watch-chains, of which he had only one imperfect. I have settled with him about the packing, and sending them to Guyon's.

You will have by to-morrow's diligence the new *Calendar*, &c.

Miss Smith is amazingly well, and sends you a thousand compliments.

(Copy.)

“ Kew Palace, Dec. 5, 1788.

Eleven in the Morning.

“ His Majesty has had a restless night,
and is much indisposed this morning.

“ R. WARREN.

“ J. GISBORNE.”

LETTER LXX.

Sandham Cottage,

Tuesday, Dec. 9, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

My little journal is, that I left Prince's Court on Saturday morning, lay that night at the Anchor in Liphook, and on Sunday morning crossed over from Portsmouth to Ride. The passage was

short, only three quarters of an hour, but very rough, and above a mile in a boat. There has been a storm for four days on this coast, but I do not hear of any shipwreck. It is warmer here in this south aspect than in London or Kensington, and this day the frost has left us, and a mild rain succeeds.

I hope the variety of the enclosures I sent amused you, and did not cost much.

Yesterday I received your most entertaining and patriotic letter of Nov. 29, and the *Journaux*, Nos. 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, but no *Mercure*, and the second part of Monsieur Target's excellent pamphlet.

Mrs. Gordon promised me to write you all the London news. Mine would be a country post of peacocks, bantams, &c. &c. and the amazing growth of your walking companion, Trusty. I am impatient to hear that you received the two

prints, and elegant almanack. In another parcel I sent the letters, Calendar, Royal Recollections, &c. &c.

I am, thank God, well, and freer than usual from my old complaint. I walk for about two hours after breakfast, then read some useful book till dinner at three, and go to roost at nine. I rise at seven, but do not brave the morning air till after breakfast.

I found the plantations thriving here, particularly the strawberries, and a cheerfulness in the scene, which surprised me at this very late season of the year. Monday must have been a most interesting day at Westminster. The event I know not.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LXXI.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, Dec. 18, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YESTERDAY'S post brought me together your two charming letters of Nov. 30 and Dec. 3. They well rewarded my waiting and impatience.

I rejoice that your excellent Dutchess is so much better; and from what I observed last week of *Miss Smith*, I hope the present weather will be found peculiarly propitious to advanced life. I scarcely know a life more to be prized and wished, for it seems entirely exempt from all the unsocial frowardness and discontent of age, and steadily pursues a plan of diffusive benevolence, seldom attended to in the heyday of the blood.

I am much vexed with myself that I forgot to copy for you the Dutchess of Chastillon's letter. It well merited the transcript. I have carefully preserved it, and as soon as I return to Prince's Court you shall certainly have it. If you will be so good to send me a letter for the Dutchess de la Valliere for the Jour de l'An, I will send it from hence, and I think it would arrive in time, and be well received.

I have been so much hurried, that I have not yet read *Target*. Sir Richard Worsley dined here on Friday, and desired his best respects to you. The weather is not so severe here as in the capital, and no snow lies in the fields. I sprung a covey of partridges yesterday behind the cottage.

The news about Mr. Smith gives me great satisfaction. Alderman Le Mesurier tells me that no ships will go to

India before the middle or end of January, so that I shall be in time, as my holydays expire on Plough Monday, Jan. 12th.

I have ordered James to send you the Sunday paper, as you desired, whenever there is any parcel. Mr. Kirkup ought before this to have sent your scissars and chains.

I desire you not to go shopping on my account, till the weather is less severe, and then let it be only for an elegant bagatelle.

Since I wrote the above, I have the favour of yours of Dec. 7. The most pleasing thing I see in the Isle of Wight is the smile of *la chère petite*.

I am sorry that you paid the unwelcome tribute of a cold to the severity of the weather.

Your little anecdotes of the Dutchess de Chastillon are admirable.

The *Morning Chronicle of Thursday, Dec. 11*, is infinitely curious. Does that paper come to Paris?

The Duke of —— will by the *arrêt* get to Heaven at last, but I once thought he would have lain in the focus of ——.

“How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!”

LETTER LXXII.

Isle of Wight,
Friday, Dec. 19, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD yesterday the pleasure of your two letters at the same time by the diligence and the post. They are dated Dec. 6th and 10th.

I received likewise the *Mercure*, No. 49, and the *Journaux*, Nos. 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, which were a source of great entertainment to me.

The weather here is very severe, but not as I understand so severe as at London or Paris. We had for three days together a violent storm from the east, but I have not heard of any shipwreck, or great damage by land. I continue, thank Heaven, well, and am made happy by the favourable accounts you send me from Paris, particularly of your own health, although I am anxious likewise about that of your noble friends.

I have ordered the tea, which is to be in a small parcel with Monsieur Kagenek's letter. I thought the *Sallust* was to be a present, after the various presents of books I made to his Excellency and Madame; but as I find it is meant to be a *barter* for a variety of prints, I wave

it, and the pretext may be from the difficulty of pleasing the taste of another, which you may mention as from me, with a variety of compliments.

Sir Richard Worsley brought his son here yesterday, a very handsome and promising youth of thirteen. He is reading Virgil and Ovid. I gave him a beautiful Elzevir Ovid.

Your remark about the probable end of the troubles where you are is highly judicious. I wish you a good journey to Versailles, if you have the courage to undertake it.

I congratulate you on the decided superiority of Pitt in last Tuesday's debate. A majority of sixty-four is superior to all accidents, and I think Parliament will now probably die a natural death in May 1791.

The sea has been the three last days as smooth as a mirror, and there is now

clear sunshine, and a dead calm, but a smart frost.

It is now said, and truly, that the King is better, and great hopes are entertained of a perfect recovery in consequence of the new treatment. As I shall return to the capital by the 12th, I shall have full time to complete all your nicer commissions, and you to receive them at Paris before your return.

It is said that Dr. Willis rules his patient by fear, and in consequence has changed all the pages, footmen, &c. and put his own people in full authority about his patient.

LETTER LXXIII.

Isle of Wight,
Friday, Dec. 26, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

ALL the cheerful compliments of this merry season attend my beloved daughter. In all the rigours of this most severe winter I can answer myself very satisfactorily a question I put to myself with La Fontaine's pigeon,

Ma fille, a-t-ello tout ce qu'elle veut,
Bon soupé, bon gîte, et le reste ?

I never knew such a succession of sunshine for so many days at this time of the year, and the frost is not very intense. The sea-breezes certainly make the temperature of the air more mild

than in towns, where the winds come with all the sweepings of a continent.

To-day I give a dinner to all the men who have worked on the premises in the summer or autumn, in all thirteen, although I have now but two. Beef roasted, mutton boiled, and good plum-puddings, make their wholesome, homely cheer. I the more readily did this, as I shall not probably pass the Christmas holydays here again; but I sacrificed this month to the solitude of Sandham Cottage, that I might get every thing of planting, laying out the ground, &c. in perfect order before the summer.

I have just finished the letter to your excellent Dutchess with the best pen I could find.

I thank you much for your letters of the 14th and 17th, which arrived together yesterday. I received likewise the *Mercure*, No. 50, and the *Journaux*,

Nos. 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, and 351.

I am exceedingly pleased with the notice Lord Cornwallis has taken of Mr. Smith, and the prudent conduct he has observed. I hope now *qu'il ira loin*. I am particularly obliged to you for the care you take of your health, and I was delighted with your account of the good hours you keep, a circumstance in my opinion absolutely necessary during the extreme severity of the weather where you are. I have practised the doctrine I preach ever since my arrival in this island, and you know it is habitual to me of late. I have not had even a slight cold since I came, although I was well soused by an immense wave in the passage.

St. Thomas's day passed much to my satisfaction in the ward of Farringdon Without. The Citizens have done themselves much honour by their sup-

port of Mr. Pitt. The thanks will be followed throughout the kingdom.

I have not seen, or heard of, Lord and Lady Dudley. I suppose they are in Worcestershire.

I ordered the tea to be sent to you.

I do not envy the Prince de la Tremoille his journey. If he stays till the zephyrs waft him back, he will pass his life in Scotland.

I shall be glad to see the Chevalier de Boufflers's *Discours de Reception*, and the *Answer* of the Directeur. The choice of him I highly approve, but I think it a bold step, on account of many passages in the writings, which he has avowed.

Mr. Fox is said to be ill in health. Sh. is much caressed.

I have settled to leave the island on Saturday the 10th of January, so that I hope to dine in Prince's Court the next day, Sunday the 11th.

Colonel Gordon has been very dangerously ill, and for many nights was obliged to take laudanum. I desired Mrs. Gordon to write all the news *to you*, not to me.

After the 11th of January you may expect from your old correspondent all the chit-chat of the capital.

The health of the King ebbs and flows.

LETTER LXXIV.

Isle of Wight,
Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HOPE that you have received the tea, the things from Kirkup's, the letters, and your Sunday's papers, all of which went in a parcel the beginning of last week to Guyon's. -

Poor Samuel has been very bad for ten days, but is now better. The whole artillery of physic has been played off against him, and yet he survives. Devaynes has bled, cupped, and blistered him, and sends him physic regularly. At length I have hopes of his recovery.

Mr. Pott died last week suddenly, to the great regret of science and genius.

Mr. Grindall is appointed Surgeon

Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales. I have epistolized my old schoolfellow on the occasion.

Since I wrote the above, I am favoured with your letter of the 21st. I am sorry that the severity of the weather continues where you are, but the improved health of the good Dutchess will indemnify you for a thousand inconveniences.

Mrs. Sturt is very prudent not to think of so long a journey during the intense cold, and I shall not consent that my dear daughter should undertake it, till the weather becomes tolerably mild, and the snow is all melted. If this does not happen till April, I desire you to continue under the noble patronage which you enjoy at present, and you may draw upon me for any sum you wish.

Poor Prince de la Tremoille ! but

perhaps he is lucky to be blown back, and not to be able to get to Scotland.

It begins to snow very fast, but the snow does not lie. In London the thaw on Saturday was so great as to make a variation of twenty-one degrees in the glass in twelve hours ; but it froze very hard on Sunday morning.

The Duke of Orleans for his late acts of benevolence shall sit, as the beggars say in Holland, on a velvet cushion in heaven.

My Chinese pigs, Mrs. Hastings's obliging present, have been ice-bound aboard the navigation barge these three weeks. Mr. Jolliffe has given me four fine Guinea-fowls, which will be spitted before you come, that they may not rend your ears, and I have two peacocks and their wives, which are likewise presents.

Every thing I think goes on prosperously in dear Old England, and I trust

that we shall now perfect what was left undone by our ancestors at the glorious *Revolution*.

I thank you already for what you have sent me in the *box*. Excuse a pun, the worse, you know, the better; it will then be a *Christmas-box*: vile Isle of Wight wit!

Sir Richard Worsley dines here to-morrow. I shall not forget your compliments. I suspect a coolness between him and Colonel H—, as he mentioned that he had not seen the Colonel for three months.

The stories of the King, Queen, and youngest Princess, are so affecting that I have not courage to transcribe them. The King is certainly better. Mr. M—— is confined by the gout, and Lady B——y with him in Suffolk Street. This has prevented the Christmas projected tour to Garboldisham. *Miss*

Smith told Mrs. Gordon, that I saluted her, for which I called her *indiscreet and giddy*, with which I hear she is much pleased.

Colonel Gordon is recovered, but does not venture out.

I shall be obliged to you at full leisure to execute these commissions, and to bring the things with you on your return.

I wish for a *plume en argent*.

3. *Carte des Environs de la Mer Noire, par De la Marche, rue du Foin, S. I. au Collège de Maitre Gervais, prix 4 liv. 10s.*

4. *Voyage en Turquie et en Egypte, fait en l'Année 1784. A Paris, chez Royez, petit volume de 150 pages. Quai des Augustins près du Pont Neuf.*

• The doubts about ——'s title begin to clear up a little. He has just sent a copy of the will of Sir T—— S——,

the former occupier of the house, and promises the remainder of the title very soon. I am in earnest to oblige you in this business, and Mr. Price has powers from me to conclude, if —— can make out a *tolerable* title, but not if a lawsuit is to follow from another party, to keep us in hot water for three or four years. Mr. Price has taken great pains, and all his objections were given in writing.

LETTER LXXV.

Isle of Wight,
Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

MANY thanks for your letter of December the 24th, which I received yesterday by the post, and by a messenger from Ride, the *Mercure*, No. 51, and the *Journaux*, Nos. 352, 3, 4, 5, 6, the “Cinquième Question,” the “Petition des Citoyens domiciliés à Paris,” Catalogues, &c.

I am very glad that the thaw is arrived, and I hope the danger of the frost returning with fresh violence will not be realized. It continues to freeze here, but not with great violence.

How greatly am I obliged to your ex-

cellent Dutchess for the elegant china! I beg you to assure her of my respectful gratitude; but the emblematical figure will only remind me of how infinitely I fall short of that great admired character. I wish you to bring it, not send it, from the fear of accidents.

The poor Speaker, Cornwall! and after so short an illness! This is a very fermenting ingredient in the boiling state caldron.

I am already packing up for the end of the week, and if I have a good passage hope to dine in Prince's Court on Sunday next, the 11th, from whence I do not mean to be absent again till May.

I shall have the pleasure of writing to you from Prince's Court by next Tuesday's post, and I desire you to send me all your commissions great and small, that I may make some little return for

your punctuality and exactness, in which you excel all the world.

I have not had the slightest cold since I have been in this island, and hope to return as well to the capital.

My dearest daughter, adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ARRIVED here to dinner on Sunday after no small trouble in cutting through the ice in the harbours of Ride and Portsmouth, and wading through the snow all the rest of the journey. I cannot bear the idea of your going

through such complicated difficulties, and therefore I make a point that you should not think of travelling till this intense frost is entirely gone, all the snow melted, and the atmosphere has resumed the usual mildness of these climates. I do not doubt that your noble friends at Paris join with me in admiring more and more your many virtues and amiable qualities on a longer and nearer acquaintance, and therefore I am persuaded you will be detained no less by their generous regard and friendship than by every prudential motive. I am now fixed in the capital till May. I would by no means have you draw on Mr. Paice, should you want any sum whatever. A father is still, or ought always to be, a better friend than any trustee, and I shall have a pleasure in accepting any of your drafts, and they need be at only one usance.

By the last diligence I received the *Mercure*, No. 52, and the *Journaux*, Nos. 357, 8, 9, 360, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. By the post I received your two letters of December 27 and 31, and I desire you to accept my warmest thanks for the many favours of that kind, which the last year afforded me. I long for a recommencement of your correspondence, and I hope that mine will not be so very insipid as I fear you found it from the Isle of Wight, from whence I am returned without the usual tribute to Neptune of a cold.

I hope that you received the letter I wrote just before I left the Isle of Wight about the house in G——r Square, &c. and therefore I will not make it repetition-day.

The Report from the *new* Committee about the King's health will not be made till this evening, nor printed before

Thursday. I will send it you. There is a most violent quarrel between the —— and ——; it is thought irreconcilable. It is proposed to give the —— the sole power over the whole household, the Lords of the Bedchamber, &c. and all personal property. The friends of the —— declare that government cannot be carried on with such a defalcation of power, for he is not to have the power of creating peers, nor granting any patent places, but for a short time, with other numerous restrictions. I give you this from the first authority, and likewise of the open war now declared between the friends of the —— and —— . This is certainly the most novel and unexpected of all possible situations. The violence on both sides is extreme. The D. of —— gives political *dinners* twice a week, *et brigue les suffrages ouvertement, avec les plus belles promesses du monde.* Are

you Q. or P. ? is now the sole question. —You guess my attachment to the fair sex, but I have settled it for pairing off, whenever a debate is likely to go beyond midnight—I have stated this to Mr. Steele—Pitt will I believe carry all his questions—I hope so at least, for they appear to me truly constitutional.

I write no more to you about *ducks and fowls*, but *dukes and fools*, as the Scot said, and we have at least some such —.

I was yesterday at the House of Commons. No debate. Mere forms. Captain Luttrell, Member for Dover, is dead. Trevanion stands against Pybus, a banker, supported by Fector, &c. &c. ; Trevanion supported by Lord North, &c.

The finest, weightiest hare I ever held up, is just arrived for *Miss Wilkes*, from Eythorn Court. As the dear Lady of the Manor is so far, I must necessa-

rily not suffer it to be wasted, but eat it with some of her friends and neighbours, and make libations to her health.

I enclose two *lists*, and a *protest*, but no comments on the last hasty and most incorrect production.

I shall be impatient to hear of your receiving this.

I found every thing in good order on my return here, and Samuel better, but James's head is dreadfully bruised. He pretends that the night before my return, one pickpocket stole his handkerchief, then twelve men surrounded him, beat, and almost killed him. He went out, as he says, only to see sights on the water, at five o'clock, and all this happened before six. It is a curious story, and the *twelve* men, like Falstaff's, all in buckram. The truth is not worth developing. He can scarcely walk about, or see.

I have seen *Miss Smith* perfectly well, Colonel Gordon almost recovered, and the Colonel's lady in good health.

Our own family I hear are well, but I have not seen Heaton. I had the receipt for Koenig's bill, and thank you.

I am glad the good Dutchess approved my *etrennes*, and I am obliged to you for so lucky a thought.

Mr. M—— is, I hear, very ill with the gout in Suffolk Street. Lady B——y, &c. with him. I intend to call to-morrow.

The disputes at the London Tavern about the thanks to Mr. Pitt, were very outrageous. Neither Newnham nor Sawbridge were suffered to speak. Bearcroft, Bank Director, advertises that the thanks were carried by a large majority. Alderman Pickett has signed a paper, that they were negatived by a majority of five to one. I was luckily absent,

and I hear no peevishness either in the House, or City, against me. They have kindly made every allowance for an *old veteran*, as Beckford said.

Has the Dutchess yet my letter?

The new Speaker, Grenville, is wonderfully gracious to me. He is un- luckily very short-sighted.

To-morrow I give a twelfth cake, wine, and punch, as usual, to the servants; and your coachman is invited to drink his Lady's health with the others.

LETTER LXXVII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Jan. 16, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THIS is truly a halcyon day for me. The post has just brought me your two charming letters of Jan. 4th, and Jan. 7th, with Suard's note; and the diligence brought me the *Mercure*, No. 1, 3 *Janvier* 1789, and the *Journaux's*, No. 366, 1788, and Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1789, with the *Supplements*. To all the pleasing accounts in your letters I am to add that of a fine thaw. On Tuesday a subscription was opened for the poor. The City directed me to subscribe 1500*l.* as Chamberlain. It was settled among ourselves that the Members for the City should subscribe forty guineas, and the

Aldermen twenty each. Skinner, Sanderson, and myself, paid our subscriptions, but a thaw succeeding, the Committee ordered our monies to be returned, and no more subscriptions to be received, unless the violence of such a frost should return. The Bank sent me yesterday 100 guineas, which, with every possible acknowledgment, I declined on the same account, and several very handsome private benefactions, taking down the names of the benevolent parties, in case of any future great distress.

* * * * *

I received this evening the prettiest waistcoat I ever saw, and a compendium of every thing really useful in all the French almanacks, for which I am highly obliged to you; and yet I wish you to bring the *Almanach Royal* for this year with you, in blue paper, that I may have it bound uniform to complete my sets.

I wish much for the “*Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*,” and for the 4to. edition of it in 5 vols. although it will cost me sixty livres. I would have it only broché. It is printed for *Debure l'aîné, libraire, rue Serpente, Hotel Ferrand, No.6*. I should be glad you would consult him about the sending it, and let him pack it up very carefully. It is too large for you to bring. I wish Debure would undertake to convey it here.

The House meet again to-day, and we are all on the tiptoe of expectation. My letter of Tuesday would fully explain to you the very critical state of parties. The *Report* is indeed very wonderful. It forms a great folio. I will contrive you shall have it, if only piecemeal.

I highly approve your attention to the Dutchess's livery-servants, the jour de l'an. The King, alas! is not at all better.

The Prince will have the power of dissolving Parliament, which he will certainly use at the end of April, or beginning of May.

I am glad you exceed even Aldermen in good cheer; and a Geneva trout at Paris is not only an exquisite delicacy, but a wonder. I have had grouse twice, and from our good friend Davidson, who is confined to his bed by gout in both legs and hands.

Mr. Hastings is got to his new house, No. 12, in Wimpole Street. I have not yet seen him, but he has called here, and yesterday I sent Madame a couple of grouse.

Mr. Hutton is just come to dine; and sends his best compliments.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

My dinner yesterday was interrupted by a much more agreeable repast, your letter of the 13th and 14th ; and from the local situation of us both, I trust that our correspondence will in future be much more regular.

This courier carries your excellent Dutchess a letter in my very best writing with a new pen. The whole arrangement of your return I leave to yourself, but I consent to no risk, nor travelling in the night, and I hope you will contrive to be on the sea near the full moon. The length of my tether till May will be Kensington Gore. It cannot escape me,

how much time you have lost by the cruel severity of the weather.

The weather has been tolerably mild since last Wednesday, and the snow has disappeared, to fructify, I hope, the earth. Last night we had a gentle frost.

I desire to be very affectionately remembered in the Rue Royale.

Suard's letter is neat and correct. The Dutchess's to me is highly polished and pathetic—I mean the Dutchess de la Valliere's.

Lord Lansdowne has gained great applause by his speech on the Regency—and in the House of Commons Lord North; but Pitt's was that of the statesman.

I am glad that you have resumed the elegant amusement and exercise of dancing.—My answer to the Dutchess leaves you at full liberty to act according to cir-

cumstances, and you need not determine any thing for a considerable time.

Mr. M—— is dangerously ill, and sees only Lady B——y.

Politics are more embroiled than ever. Lord Rodney is gone over to the Prince. Sir John Aubrey has made a foolish speech against any *limitations*. Mr. Hutton is exceedingly angry with them both. He has dined here once since my return, and complained of *our* long absence. I thought Guyon would scarcely be able to send you the large folio of the *Report on the King's Illness*, and therefore I purchased the 4to. edition, which goes this morning with two letters. I have likewise sent you by the post part of two curious newspapers. I wish you to mention what this letter costs.

Major L— has just left me, sunk into a deadly lassitude. The press is *groaning* under a new pamphlet of his.

At two this morning Mr. Pitt carried all his motions. There were two divisions:

229	and	220
165		164
<hr/>		<hr/>
64		56
<hr/>		<hr/>

This moment arrived the *Mercure*, No. 2, and the *Journaux*, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, with the *Chevalier de Boufflers' Discours*, &c.

(Copie.)

Paris le 24 9bre, 1788.

Je suis honteuse, Monsieur, de n'avoir pas plus-tot repondu à la lettre que Mademoiselle votre fille m'a apportée de votre part, je suis infiniment sensible à tout ce qu'elle contient d'obligeant. Je vous en rend mille graces. J'avoue que

j'ai un droit à votre intérêt, c'est mon amitié pour Mademoiselle votre fille. Vous me faites un grand plaisir en vous prêtant au desir que j'avois de la revoir dans mon pays, elle ne doit pas me savoir mauvais gré si je ne lui rend pas sa visite, je voudrois bien pouvoir aller en Angleterre, mais je ne songe pas à ce projet. Je suis attachée à Paris par un lien bien doux, il est triste en ce moment par le mauvais état de la santé de ma mere. Elle vient d'avoir une grande joye, j'ai même craint que son emotion ne fut trop vive, ma fille a pris p^o but de sa premiere sortie de venir presenter sa petite à sa grand mere, et d'être relevée dans sa chapelle selon la pratique de notre eglise. L'on ne peut voir une meilleure nourrice. Je vous ferois des excuses de vous decrirer tous ces details, si votre cœur paternel m'étoit moins connu par la confiance de mon amie.

Je la quitte à l'instant, je puis vous assurer qu'elle se porte très bien et qu'elle à l'air de partager notre satisfaction de la voir. Je suis bien aise, Monsieur, de savoir que votre santé est parfaitement retablie.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissante servante,

LAVALLIERE Duchesse de
CHASTILLON.

Mr. Wilkes, Sénateur et Chambellan.

LETTER LXXIX.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

ALL the gay scenes of yesterday in the Catholic country of France passed before my mind's eye, and made me partake of the entertainment, which I am persuaded you enjoyed with your good friends. I shall be much pleased with the detail.

I am favoured with your two letters of the 24th and 28th of January.

I am in doubt whether the good Dutchess means *goldbeater's skin*, or the *Court plaister*, and therefore I send some of each.

I enclose the *Answers* of the *Queen* and *Prince*, which are incorrect in all the

papers; but as the Regency will, I believe, be settled to-morrow, you will probably have few more political enclosures.

Many thanks for the trouble you have so kindly taken for *le Jeune Anacharsis*.

Elmsly has sent me *l'Almanach des Muses*.

I beg you to tell Madame d'Holbach how deeply I regret the loss of my old and excellent friend the Baron.

We have still fine open weather, and gentle rains. I do not object to your passing all this month at Paris, and the beginning of the next, but I entreat you not to run the risk of the equinoctial storms. The full moon of March is on the 11th day, and the equinox on the 21st. If therefore you contrive to be at Calais the 9th, 10th, or 11th, you will have the advantage of the moon, if you want it, after tolerably long days. All this must however depend on the season,

and the roads. I cannot bear the idea of your running any risk, and I insist on your not leaving Paris till you have a good prospect of a safe journey and passage. The frost may return, &c. &c.

The Parliament will not be dissolved this year, it is at present agreed.

LETTER LXXX.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Jan. 23, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE House of Commons having adjourned from Tuesday to next Monday, cannot furnish you any amusement, and I almost suspect that you are weary of politics. Contrary to

the usage, the *Report* was made from the Committee to the House on the same day. Mr. Rolle however has promised an amusement we did not expect so soon, the interlude of Mrs. F. and her marriage *in law, or equity*. He is not a man likely to be put from his purpose, and I understand that he has given some indiscreet promises to some of his constituents in Devonshire. The B——p of B. told *me*, that a most respectable lady of his particular *friendship* said to the said B. “The P. came in here yesterday, overjoyed, saying, ‘I never did better in any thing; I behaved incomparably well; I could not have thought it, as the case was quite new to me.’ The Lady answered, ‘Your R.H. always behaves well; what was the case, that was quite new to you?’ The Prince replied, ‘I was at a marriage, and gave the lady away.’ The Lady said,

‘ Was your R. H. never before at a marriage ?’ The P. answered, laying his right hand with eagerness on his breast, ‘ Never, on my honour.’ ”

Trevanion has carried his election for Dover at a most enormous expense. I am truly sorry for the contest. His family is large and increasing, and the great interest of the Fectors against him will keep him in hot water all his life.

Mrs. Swinburne is ill ; Mr. Molineux worse. Our neighbours all well ; so are the Hastings’s, with whom I am to dine on Wednesday. My Chinese boar departed this life last week ; and has not left his relict in a promising way, but Mrs. H. engages for a successor to him.

I enclose you the only account of yesterday’s debate in the House of Lords, which has yet appeared. It is very partial, but we shall have no other till ten this evening. Only three of the five

propositions were carried : the other two will probably pass this day.

Banks has left P. Adieu that peerage, as well as A.'s.

My hopes of the house in Grosvenor Square are much diminished since my return to town, yet are not desperate. Mr. Price has taken uncommon pains.

I understand from Guyon that there is ice above a league from the harbour of Calais. Yesterday we had all day a mild and warm rain, yet some mad boys continue to skait in the Park.

Guyon tells me, that the *boar's head*, *l'hure du sanglier*, I believe it is called, may now be sent without paying any duty. I wish you therefore to desire one to be bought for me, not exceeding three guineas, and to be carefully packed in a box, to come by the diligence.

You will soon receive some curious prints, *pantins*, &c. The candlesticks are safe at Dover.

LETTER LXXXI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE but a few moments by this post to thank you for the two letters of the 18th and 21st, and to express the great joy I feel at your favourable account of the incomparable Dutchess's health.

Elmsly and Edwards have both *Les Voyages de jeune Anacharsis*, which I did not suspect. If therefore you have not already made the purchase, I will not give you that trouble, but take it of Elmsly.

The Gordons, Captain Guyot, and Mr. Swinburne, dined here yesterday, and remembered you with great regard.

Dear *Miss Smith* is extremely ill.

I beg you to let my old friend, Baron d'Holbach, know how greatly his illness has affected me.

I received last night the *Mercure*, No. 3, and the *Journaux*, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

The weather is now quite mild, and we have had fine rains, but the ice still floats in amazing cakes in the harbours of Calais, Dover, Portsmouth, &c. so as to render the navigation very dangerous.

The poor have been so greatly relieved, that we do not accept your generous offer of two guineas.

I have got the *Almanach des Muses* from Elmsly.

Nothing new on the political horizon.

Adieu, my dearest daughter; consult your health above all other considerations.

LETTER LXXXII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Jan. 30, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I do not remember to have experienced so much prevaricating trouble and uncertainty as in the business of Mr. —— respecting the house. Mr. P—— has been indefatigable, but not a tolerable title can be made out. The principal deeds, lease, and even a counterpart, cannot be found, and there are other claims and mortgages. The perplexity was infinite. I therefore yesterday cut the Gordian knot by the following letter to Mr. ——, which I sent by Mr. Price's clerk, after he had taken a copy.

Prince's Court,
Jan. 28, 1789.

“ SIR,

“ I FIND so much delay in the business of the house, and so great an uncertainty in the title, that I am determined to entertain no farther idea of any lease, or any transaction in relation to it.

“ I am, &c.

“ J. W.”

Thus has ended all connexion with Mr. —, and I guess that his strange title was purchased very cheap from the consciousness of the invalidity of it in the other parties.

I continue my inquiries about another house, worthy of you, and of the Chamberlain; and if I am not successful, I shall desire you on your return to give your

whole attention to an object which I know you have at heart, and which I shall have a real pleasure in accomplishing.

We were beat yesterday in the Common Council by six on an *absurd* question moved by our friends for an address to a *future* Regent ; yet I am satisfied that we have a majority there in the present contest between Fox and Pitt, notwithstanding the *shop-tax* hangs like a millstone round our necks. I took little share in a debate which I disapproved, and only as to some points of form, but I would not desert my friends on a division, because that might lead to more serious consequences.

I passed a happy day with Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, who are both well, and remember you with affection, Major Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, at

their new house, No. 12, in Wimpole Street, which is very splendid, and very insipid—a street, brick walls, before, behind, every where.

Yesterday I received the candlesticks, which are *de toute beauté*, and an elegant cup and saucer. I beg my two generous benefactresses to accept every grateful acknowledgment from their devoted, humble servant. I believe it is certain that the Parliament will not be dissolved this spring, and notwithstanding the P——'s answer to Mr. Pitt, in which the P—— seems to have committed himself, a change of Ministry is thought a moot point.

I have sent you five excellent prints, but the *pantins* were imagined and made by a private family, and not allowed to be copied.

The *World*, as usual, takes my name in

vain, and even *forges* it, as witness what I enclose.

The Duke of Portland strongly advises the P—— against a change of Ministers at present, because his Grace says the P—— cannot *now* go on without them.

Poor Parker is laid up with the gout. He has not attended once, nor the Chamberlain missed once, this year. He is, I thank God, in good health.

I called this morning for the first time on Rosenhagen in Duke Street. He is in bed, in agony, in the gout.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Feb. 6, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

Mrs. Sturt is arrived, and has brought me the most beautiful print of "La Bonne Mère," with the "Almanach des Muses for 1789." I desire you to accept my best thanks for both.

I likewise received from Guyon the *Mercure*, No. 4, and the *Journaux*, No. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, with a small packet for Mrs. Swinburne. I sent it directly. She has left Blenheim Street, and has now a ready-furnished house, No. 37, Somerset Street, Portman Square.

The field of politics has produced nothing for the last four days, and we do

not expect the business of the *regency* finished till the end of the next week. The fermentation of the two parties is exceedingly great, and has much soured both.

I transcribed in my last what I wrote to Mr. —, which concluded the business with him ; but as I am truly intent and anxious to comply with your wishes for a larger house, and I mean to leave the whole arrangement to yourself, for you to proceed upon immediately on your return, I wish you to consider whether you will not bring with you a *femme de chambre*, whom you may thoroughly like, from Paris. By this you will save the useless journey to Calais, and back to Paris, of a French woman ; you will save Betty's tour to Calais, and back again, twice crossing the sea, &c. &c. These arrangements have occurred to me; but I desire that my dear daughter

would take her own plan, and I shall approve whatever she determines. A lodging might be had near for two or three months at the utmost.

James is recovered. Samuel is rather better, but still dangerously ill. *Miss Smith* and *Mrs. Gordon* are both well. You will have three new prints by to-morrow's diligence, not very excellent, but in the times. *Mr. —* has just been here. He complains bitterly of *Sir T—— S——*, of *Mr. H——*, &c. &c; acknowledges an important deed not forthcoming, and thinks it might be supplied by the consent of *Mrs. W——*, who is abroad, and others. I repeated to him my determination to have no farther concern about the house, and we parted very civilly.

The weather still continues very temperate, with kindly rains.

If any very neat and elegant book of

maps in 8vo. or 12mō. such as I sent you from Naples, has appeared, I wish you to purchase one for me, and the new beautiful map of the environs of Paris in one sheet, not on rollers, but well coloured.

Hutton dines here about once a week on invitation, but scarcely ever calls in. He wanted to know if you had told me that he wrote to you at Paris.

Be so good to inquire of De Bure, if any books have been printed at the *Louvre* of consequence within the last ten years, what they are, the price, and if they are to be purchased.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Chamberlain's Office,
Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD only five minutes to read your two letters before I was summoned to a Court of Aldermen, and to make a Mr. Anderson free. He offers his services to Aldersgate Ward in the room of Sir Thomas Halifax, who died last Saturday. He is a very respectable merchant, and agent here for Dantzick. I believe he will succeed.

I cannot say, that I approve your return by Boulogne instead of Calais. 1st, It is farther by sea. 2d, The vessels, accommodations, are not so many, so good, or so certain. 3d, That passage must

be best, which has been so generally, almost universally approved for centuries, and the other only practised in the case of particular winds, &c. Why seek the *better than well*? I think it seldom answers. “I was well, would be better, took physic, and died,” is an Italian adage.

I sent you last week with the prints, and a letter, the most daring pamphlet ever published even in this country.

We were eight days without hearing from France, and I have yet no news of *le Jeune Anacharsis*, with whom I long to be acquainted.

The chocolate shall be sent to-morrow.

I have read “Lady C——’s Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople,” and found it a very silly performance indeed, neither amusing nor interesting, and in some instances disgraceful to our

country. It is a large 4to. but if you wish it, I will send it you by the diligence. The print of the *Bonne Mère* is *manqué*. She should have looked with fondness on her children, while she was making the soap-bubbles. In the print she looks from them, and seems to be wholly intent on her own play. It is beautifully graved.

Adieu !

LETTER LXXXV.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Feb. 13, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD but a few minutes to write to you by the last post from the Chamberlain's Office, and could only mention the receipt of your two last letters, which came together, not their dates, which are Jan. 31, and Feb. 4.

I have since received the *Mercure*, No. 5, and the *Journaux*, No. 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 ; but I do not find any tribute to the revered memory of my old friend, Baron d'Holbach.

I sent on Wednesday from Smith's in Pall Mall, the four pounds of chocolate, directed to the good Dutchess, and I

wish you would offer her that small tribute from me.

You will have by to-morrow's *diligence* some more prints, and letters, &c.

I have the happiness of assuring you that the King recovers very fast. He now generally dines with the Queen, and plays at cards with the Princesses all the afternoon. The *Regency Bill* will scarcely pass before Tuesday next.

Anderson is chosen Alderman, and has given me the warmest assurances of support for Middlesex, and on every occasion. He is much esteemed. The Irish seem as usual very wrong-headed.

Mrs. Gordon is much out of order with a feverish complaint. She desired her *love* to you, and your maid Betty begged I would send her *kind duty*.

The weather is very unsettled at present, either slight frost, or mild rain.

I am quite delighted with Necker's conduct to the Dutchess of Bourbon.

I have had this week one of those crying colds which the Turks say their Prophet should not indulge infidels with ; but it is almost gone, and has not been so violent as usual.

Almost all our acquaintance are slightly indisposed, but those of a gouty habit are generally extremely ill.

Sir John Macpherson is gone over to the Opposition, and is much attended to ; but the party continue very weak.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE just received the pleasure of your letter, dated the 11th, and I look forward with rapture to the beginning of March, as the time of my dear daughter's setting out from Paris, always keeping the idea of your running no risk from very bad weather, &c. I hope to hear that you have taken every precaution against even very disagreeable occurrences, such as the staying three or four days longer on the road, or a week at a sea-port from the badness of the weather, contrary winds, &c. and too great fatigue, which is remarkably prejudicial to a delicate constitution like yours. I

trust you will not overlook the pecuniary resources you ought to have at hand on such an occasion, and I need not repeat that before you set out you may have every succour from me, which you may wish, or can find convenient.

Before you leave Paris, I wish you to purchase for me a *slight* morning waistcoat, which I mean for a present to Colonel Gordon. I would not exceed the price of two or two and a half guineas.

This afternoon the *Young Anacharsis* arrived in London, and Guyon has sent me the *Mercure*, No. 6, and the *Journaux*, No. 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, & 41. The letter to Miss Swinburne I carried myself, but she was from home.

Mr. Soderini has very politely got me from Padua the volume of his countryman I wished.

Poor Samuel died at four this morning. He has for several nights lain in Chapel

Street, at his wife's. Two children are left, a boy of two and a half years old, and one of six weeks. I sent the widow a present of a guinea. His wages, and board-wages, were paid up within four or five days. He wanted for nothing. Of late he has only been here an hour or two in the middle of the day.

Who is *Nageon*, who writes the elege of Baron d'Holbach? I wish you to ask him for an unmutilated copy for me.

I enclose the good Dutchess some more gold-beater's skin.

Heaton told me of a house in Downing Street facing the Park to be let, but no such thing exists. Mr. Seddons has my directions to find out Lord Grosvenor's agents, and get every information he can from them.

To-morrow begins my embarras to replace poor Samuel.

Mrs. Stafford is returned to town a per-

fect skeleton, owing to a violent rheumatism caught by travelling in the bad weather.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Feb. 20, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE not yet the favour of your letter with the detail to which you allude, but I hope it will arrive before the next post, that every thing may be settled for your return entirely to your satisfaction.

Yesterday the Dowager Lady Dudley declared herself not pregnant, to the great joy of our two friends.

The Prince's friend, Colonel Lake, lost his election at Aylesbury by seventy-seven.

Nothing is now more admired than the curious faces of the Opposition since the most welcome news of the King's convalescence. Swinburne and I have amused ourselves much on the occasion. His nephew, Sir John, is decidedly against us—Would Lavater were here!

I am much taken up in the House of Commons with a petition from Sir William Gibbons for an enclosure at Stanwell in Middlesex; but I hope to reconcile the discordant parties, and that every thing will proceed smoothly. I am now a great Parliamentarian.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.

I desire to be laid at the feet of Madam de la Valliere.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I DID not enjoy the pleasure of your letter of the 13th, till last Friday night, too late to thank you for it by that post. It holds out to me the greatest satisfaction I can have, that of soon seeing my dearest daughter in perfect health. I am making all the arrangements for your return to this humble habitation, being as comfortable as it can be made, and fires are now burning in your bedchamber and dressing-room.

Mrs. Gordon is just returned from Mrs. James's lying-in, who has a son, after a sharp labour of thirty-six hours. Mrs. G—— hopes to write to you on

Friday, but at present is exceedingly fatigued. We have settled that Friday will be the last day to write, or send parcels to you, for the chance of their being received before the 7th of March, when you mean to set out.

This morning the diligence brought me the *Mercure*, No. 7, and the *Journaux*, No. 42, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 48, with *Ceruti's* and *Lauragnais's* Letters. What an excellent letter is that respecting Baron d'Holbach in the Journal of Feb. 12 ! It should be printed in letters of gold. I do not know where *Contrexeville* is, nor can I find it in my books of geography. *Lauragnais* seems to me madder than ever, and *Cerutti* a *mauvais plaisant*.

I am charmed with the *Jeune Anarcharsis*. Italy, France, and England, cannot boast of such an accomplished traveller as the *Scythian*. I have not yet seen Monsieur Barthelemy to congratu-

late him on one of the greatest productions of this, or indeed any age. Betty and James are to set out on Thursday, March 5; by which I calculate they will have a day and a half's rest at Dover, and two whole days at Calais, supposing the time of their passage short and regular, before your arrival.

Poor Samuel was buried yesterday in a decent manner. His wife's relations attended, but none of his own. The widow is well spoken of. I have not seen her, but did not forget her.

Your letter of the 18th is just arrived, and gives me the pleasing confirmation of your health, and that of the noble family where you live.

The Colchester election will take up the House of Commons till after six this evening, so that I shall not be able to send you any account of Parliamentary proceedings till Friday. The Bulletin of the 22d stated an *uninterrupted* "pro-

gress in recovery;" that of yesterday said, "Advances *in every respect* towards a recovery." The present *Regency Bill* cannot possibly proceed; the very preamble is now happily a falsehood. But I believe nothing is absolutely settled as to the mode of the King's resuming the government. We expect this day a short adjournment.

The Irish Parliament justify Swift's remark, that they are to an English Parliament what a monkey is to a man, but now they have the mischievous qualities of the monkey without his imitative faculties. Lord Buckingham sent away his wife and children, who are arrived at Stowe. He says that he will weather the storm, and has refused to transmit to the Prince of Wales the *illegal** address of the two Houses.

* I never could understand the argument, which pretended to prove this address *illegal*. Its *policy* is a totally distinct consideration.—EDIT.

I wish you to write a line to Suard three or four days before you leave Paris, to ask if he has any thing to send.

I wish you to bring me "Lettres de Henry IV. à Corizandre d'Andoins, Comtesse de Guiche," brochure in 12, 75 pages, chez Gattey, Palais Royal, No. 13, and 14; and Histoire de la Maison de Bourbon, in 4to. 646 pages, par Desorméaux, *only the 5th volume*, which is the interesting period, from 1574 to 1589, the whole reign of Henry III. It is printed for Monory, rue de l'Ancienne Comédie Française, and just published. The four first volumes I do not desire.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Feb. 27, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

Mrs. Gordon has written you by the post all the political, and other, chit-chat of the day, in three large columns, that I will not fatigue your eyes with a long letter; and I chiefly take up the pen to send you by the post my warmest wishes for a prosperous journey and voyage, as this will be my last epistle.

The account from Kew is not yet arrived, but yesterday's was quite satisfactory, that "There appears this morning to be an entire cessation of his Majesty's illness." It is believed, that after a

message to both Houses on Monday, the government will proceed as before.

There are two blazing hearths since Tuesday in your bedchamber and dressing-room. We have had almost incessant rains since Tuesday, and much wind. I hope you will not risk any roads which the floods may have rendered dangerous. I cannot bear the idea of danger, or even great inconvenience or difficulty, on no pressing emergency. You will have servants with you, and I hope you will provide against all accidents. Be assured that I shall accept any bills which you draw.

Betty and James set out next Thursday, as I mentioned in my last letter.

You have been so highly distinguished by your two Dutchesses, that I think you should epistolize them both from Calais before you embark for your native country.

No prints have appeared worth sending, and therefore I send no packet by the diligence, as only two common letters have been left for you—If you think of a trifle about a guinea value for me to present to Mrs. B——n, I wish you to bring it.

Adieu, my dearest daughter. *Ayez bien soin de mon petit agneau. Bon voyage.*

Mrs. Swinburne has just sent me word, that she sets out for Paris on Monday.

The French post is not arrived at five this afternoon.

LETTER XC.

Prince's Court,
Wednesday Night, March 4, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

As the two servants set out to-morrow morning at four, and will arrive at Calais before you embark, I embrace this opportunity of wishing you again a prosperous passage, and of saying how welcome a guest you will be at Prince's Court. Nothing could come there more to complete my fondest wishes than my beloved daughter. May her voyage and journey be in every moment and circumstance propitious !

I gave James five guineas. One he paid for the earnest to Dover of Betsy and himself. Betsy I gave three guineas.

I have hired a good-looking footman, in the room of poor Samuel, on the enclosed recommendation of Mr. Walwyn, Member for Hereford. He comes here to-morrow.

Your apartments here are perfectly well aired, clean, and in order.

The King, thank Heaven, continues well.

Adieu, ma chère fille, bon voyage.

END OF VOLUME III.

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